

JOSEPHINE

IN

WAR

TIME



ELIZABETH CUMINGS



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JOSEPHINE



"I knew your own grandmother, my dear," said the old gentleman, offering his hand in good-bye. (See page 70.)

JOSEPHINE

In War Time

By

ELIZABETH CUMINGS

Author of "Miss Matilda Archambeau Van Dorn"

"A Happy Discipline" and other stories



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TO
MY FATHER
AND
MY MOTHER

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CHAPTER I

INTRODUCING THE HEROINE

“**F**ATHERS! Oh fathers!” The voice, if shrill and compelling, was yet very sweet. The two soldierly men walking briskly down the graveled walk bordered by grass pinks, and leading from the stately front door of the Dobard home to the tall front gate, halted as a slim little girl wriggled through the dense hedge shutting the kitchen garden from the lawn. “I haven’t any money,” she panted, “and there’s a splendid candy shop round only two corners. I’ve only that funny pig penny I found the morning after we came here, an’ Ann Mary says I should keep it for luck, an’ Grandma says it won’t buy things anyway.”

“She’s right. It’s a Jackson token. Keep it for a curiosity,” said the shorter and darker of the two who had been addressed impartially as “fathers” as he hastily searched his pockets for coins. “And Josephine,—”

“Yes, papa.”

“Don’t push through the hedges. It is bad for the bushes.”

"But I had to catch you, papa."

"You should have started sooner. You are always making people wait for you. The Captain and I have little time to catch our train."

He dropped a handful of small silver into her palm as he spoke, and after an instant added, "Try not to fret Grandmother. She's not accustomed to having a little girl about."

"She never tries not to fret me," said Josephine, speaking as one does when relating a fact.

"It's good for you to be fretted." Her father caught her in his arms and kissed her brow and lips.

"I'm not good when I'm having a bad time," she said gravely and wiping her lips, "though I'm not always bad outside, when I feel wicked bad inside."

"Nothing uncommon in that, little one," commented the taller man as he dropped some silver into her pocket. "It's a great accomplishment keeping the bad in."

"Don't give her money, John!" protested his companion as he moved away.

"Papa Doctor says 'don't' a deal," murmured Josephine to herself, when the two had vanished. "Grandma says the don'ts go along with you all your life. She says she meets 'em herself even now. And she says more'n folks say 'em to you."

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Very pleasant to look at was little Josephine. Her large dark eyes that looked black under their long upcurling lashes were really brown, shot through with golden sparks. Her neat little nose made a fine line with her broad low forehead, which was accented by delicately penciled brows, and framed in enchanting spirals of bright dark hair.

A high and elaborate wooden fence inclosed the Dobard grounds. For lack of other occupation Josephine climbed to a flat-headed post, almost a foot square and screened from the house by tall lilacs. A drum, imperative and insistent, sounded not far away. It was a snare or military drum beaten by a practised hand. A few rods up the street a squad of boys were playing at soldier. Cocked hats made of newspapers were on their heads. A slim boy flourishing a wooden sword was in command. He used his weapon unsparingly, slapping now one, now another, as the members of the company got out of line. To the shrill threats and protests that answered him, he gave no heed. Josephine was paying strict attention to his orders, when two elderly men paused at the corner just below her.

"Th' very children are at it!" squeaked the short, bald, pink-faced man breathless from walking and asthma. "An' even on th' Lord's

day, that drum's rolling. I'd like to know how much longer we must endure its abominable noise."

"No doubt as long as President Lincoln needs men," replied the tall, lean, bilious-looking man. "Yes, Brother Peck, that drum will call till th' cup of punishment is full for us all."

"President Lincoln! A butcher!" snorted the shorter man. "It's such fanatics as you brought on this fratricidal strife. Yes, sir!" He pounded upon the pavement with his cane by way of emphasis. "This is the result of your praying for downtrodden Africans every chance you could make. You needn't 'Brother' me!"

"This war had to be," the tall man blinked down at his companion in sorrowful pity. His short-sighted spectacles were gummy and stood askew upon his big nose, but there was no mistaking his feelings. "We must become all one fabric to stand." He gazed for an instant at the far horizon where in ineffable tints of azure rose the distant heights of the Adirondacks. "Reckoning days come, Brother Peck. Nations, like men, must pay the price of their sins. For every sigh, every tear, every drop of sweat we have wrung from the black man, we must pay in blood—the blood of our best and dearest."



“Where are you going with that chicken?” demanded Josephine.

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"Yaw!" snarled Mr. Peck, pounding his cane upon the irregular stones of the pavement. "You forget the Scriptures sanction slavery, Elder Vandercook. I've no patience with ye. I'm glad I'm a member of a different church, a church which stands by Holy Writ which says, 'Cursed be Canaan.' "

"Noah said that, not God, and it is set down simply as history," replied the old minister mildly. Then clasping his hands behind him, and bowing gravely, he walked on.

The company of boys had vanished. Delicious scents of blossoming honey-locust and syringa filled the air. Somewhere an oriole was fluting to his mate. Weary of her perch, Josephine was about to slip from it when three little girls came around the corner, and through the shadows of the tall hedge growing inside the quaint fence. The tallest carried a large white rooster. The next in height carried a small basket and a broad-bladed knife from which the end had been broken. The third, a very fair girl in a white sunbonnet and a pale blue merino dress delicately embroidered, over which was a fine white muslin apron, carried nothing.

"Where are you going with that chicken?" demanded Josephine as they came just below her, "and what are you going to do with him?"

"We've got to have meat," said the girl with the broken knife. She had one very large front tooth which seemed too large for her small freckled face. "Grandaunt Fidelia's coming, and mamma says, 'she has a difficulty.'"

It was plain the three thought to own "a difficulty" was a distinction.

"Father always made 'em into meat afore he joined the army," explained the tallest girl, gently stroking the rooster. "He's an officer, and way to Washington, and I don't know where now. Mamma says like enough he'll be a general, like grandfather in th' Mexican war, an' he told us to take care of her, an' she was a Towne, and never saw chickens made into meat. So we're taking Dander way off to scrunch his head off."

"Mamma'll boil him, and make dumplings," explained the girl with the knife. "He'll make two good dinners that way."

"We buy our chickens," said the girl in the blue merino loftily. "We never have 'em around alive."

"Your father ain't to th' war, Flo Leet," reproved the older girl. "He's too old."

"Dander's awful smart," said the girl with the knife. It was plain she wished to make Flo Leet feel comfortable. "We raised him by hand. The black hen that hatched him

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tried to kill him, and we kept him in a box full of cotton batting nights and in his own little pen daytimes. It was great fun. He knows his name. I don't feel right to have him killed, but mamma says he's tough, and we've just got to have something for Grand-aunt."

Josephine wriggled down to the street. "Where are you going? You haven't told," she said.

"Up to the cemetery. We'll find some nice flat tombstone where his head will lay nice. We tried a stump but it hurt him," explained the girl who was carrying him.

"I'll go along," said Josephine. "I've nothing to do this morning but to play with Virginia Carter. I'd as lief go as not."

CHAPTER II

THE TRAGEDY OF "DANDER"

THE walk to the Ferndale cemetery proved to be very long and dusty, but Josephine's attention was beguiled by her companions. Jerusha Brierly, the girl carrying Dander, declared the cemetery the most interesting place in town. "There's little winter-greens by now, and squawberries in the wild places, and there's sassafras, and sarsaparilla, and crinkleroot, and groundnuts, and beautiful flowers," she said. "It's too late for the most beautiful of all, the trailing arbutus, but there's blue vetch, and columbine, and ferns a plenty, and like enough lady-slippers."

"And ants' nests as big as cart-wheels," warned the pretty Flo Leet, looking about nervously and careful always that no clutching briar caught into the embroidery of her blue dress. "There's big black ants, and ants that are half red and half black, and you step on their nests and they'll bite you."

"But you don't have to step on their nests," argued the girl with the basket and knife, who had explained that her name was Fidelia

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Maria, after the important grandaunt, whose "difficulty" demanded the sacrifice of Dander. "Most everything hates being stepped on."

"Well, you may step on an ants' nest afore you know it," persisted the nervous Flo Leet, "with huckleberry bushes everywhere, and big ferns. I don't see why God made ants."

"Your not seeing don't prove they're not good for something," reproved Jerusha. "Mother's told us lots about 'em. They're wise, if they are so tiny."

"Size hasn't anything to do with wisdom. There's Joe Dodson bigger'n father, an' don't know anything," said Fidelia Maria.

The cemetery was a spacious place, and only a small part of it was occupied by graves. Masses of blue vetch and white spurge, with here and there a spike of scarlet columbine, swayed under the spreading pines and beeches. Dander was set upon his feet, and at once began reveling in bugs and toothsome green things. He would come when called, the girls declared. Jerusha speedily found a large white tombstone lying flat on a brick foundation, and just the place to convert him into meat. "But before that sacrifice, we'll get good an' ready," she said. In the basket that Fidelia Maria carried, neatly wrapped in white cloth, were a few slices of bread and butter,

some cookies and three russet apples. These viands were set forth, and Josephine was invited to share.

"We know about you," said Jerusha. "Your father, Dr. Dobard, 's been way off in the West with th' regular army."

"Both of my fathers have," corrected Josephine.

"Our father volunteered," said Fidelia proudly. "Mamma and Grandaunt say he ought to have been made Captain right away instead of waiting for Mr. John Biles to be killed. Prob'ly he'll go to Congress after the war is over."

"He's jus' as liable to be killed as Captain Biles was, Fidy Brierly," chided Flo Leet. "The war isn't fit yet, by a good deal."

"No, it isn't," assented Jerusha sadly, "but 's you haven't anybody in it, you aint called to talk."

After the slight lunch was disposed of, Josephine was made acquainted with a long list of new plants. A tall sassafras bush was found, and all pulling together, and tumbling down in a heap together, they secured a long pungent root. Then there were long strings of sarsaparilla, and spicy white stems of crinkle-root, and rose-flushed, keen-tasting young wintergreens, with now and then mounds

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dotted with scarlet berries of the partridge vine. It was all so interesting that the whistle of the great woolen factory at noon surprised them at least a mile from the gate.

"My throat's all burning up, I'm that thirsty," complained Flo Leet.

"Me too," said Josephine, "and my head aches. I'm going straight back."

"You'd better wait for us," cautioned Fidelia Maria. "You might get lost. Rusha kind o' jus' knows th' way. She'll call Dander, an' we'll all go." Long and repeated calls at last brought the exploring victim, who meekly allowed himself to be gathered up by Jerusha.

"If I should buy him, you could buy meat with the money, couldn't you?" said Josephine, after following Fidelia for some moments in silence.

"Why yes, but mother didn't tell us to sell him, but to get him killed," said Jerusha. "She thought we'd like enough meet some o' th' boys. You always do when you don't want 'em. She kind o' 'spected we'd get some one o' 'em to get his head off, I think."

"Yes, I think that's what she thought," declared Fidelia Maria. "I took this knife myself. I'm going to be a doctor when I grow up, and I may have to cut off legs, like Dr.

Pardee cut off Lathrop Biles' left one. But I don't hanker to scrunch off Dander's head."

"There's money in my green frog bank," said Josephine, "and Saunders won't mind another rooster, certainly not such a clever one as Dander."

So the Brierly girls passed by all the convenient flat tombstones, and went out of the gate just as they had entered it, but at the foot of the hill, where a low stone house was shut in by a low stone wall overhung with clematis and bittersweet, they paused. In the corner was a tall pole curiously set in a tall post and having a large bucket at one end.

"There's a well," said Jerusha, "and I'll get us some water, if you'll take Dander," and turning to Josephine, who was nearest, she deposited the rooster in her arms.

In an instant the rooster, seeing the twinkle of the gold ring on Josephine's left hand, made a dab at it. His sharp beak went to the bone, and Josephine, angry and frightened, caught his head in her right hand, and by a sudden quick turn broke his neck. Not knowing what she had done, she dropped him, while her finger bled profusely.

"It may kill you," said Flo Leet, her eyes shining with excitement. "Old lady Putrell's

parrot bit her, and her hand swelled up, and she died."

"Fiddle!" exclaimed the startled Jerusha. "Dander's no parrot."

It was not until she had carefully bathed the wound in cold water, and wrapped Josephine's finger in a perfectly clean handkerchief, that Jerusha discovered that Dander, who had flopped about in the grass, now lay quite still.

"Why!" she exclaimed, "he's dead. See! he just lays there!"

"Now see what you've done!" cried Flo Leet, wagging her blond head and capering about. "My mother'd never let me kill a rooster. She'd punish me for being so unladylike."

Josephine's dark eyes grew large, and her cheeks white. "I didn't do anything but poke him because he bit at me," she said slowly. "If he's dead, he did it himself. As for you, you're unladylike enough if you don't kill roosters. There's more'n one way o' being horrid."

Fortunately something happened just here. A light, one-seated wagon rattled around the corner, and the driver pulled up his two powerful bays abruptly, while the young man beside him sprang out. "Laws-a-massy, I tole Miss Dobard if you were with th' Brierlys you

were all right!" he exclaimed. "But she's been in a dreadful swifit ever since she missed you. I do guess you'd better not run away no more."

"I didn't run away, Abel. I just went," corrected Josephine.

"Well, you hop into Mr. Biles's democrat, and we'll quiet your grandma's mind," chuckled Abel. "Adam, he's gone th' other way. Ann Mary asked all around who'd seen you an' at last she found out 't Louisa Cliff 'd seen you along o' the Brierlys an' Flo Leet a-goin' down Academy street, an' I sez, they've started for th' buryin'-ground. But Adam, he sez, like's not for th' river road, an' he hitched Foxy an' Whitefoot to th' buggy an' started."

"There's nothin' down th' river road," commented Jerusha Brierly.

"You'll git to 'Swigo if you keep on it long enough," said the young man Abel, as he swung Josephine up over the wheel; then turning to the three little girls, he added, "There's room for you at the back if you wish."

"That girl can't ride," said Josephine, pointing her unwrapped hand at Flo Leet. "She says I killed Dander."

"Sho!" exclaimed the mystified Abel.

"He's dead's anything," retorted Flo. "He bit her, and she hit his head so he only flopped once or twice."

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"We'd as soon walk. Thank you just the same," said Jerusha. She had gathered up Dander. His shining white feathers overflowed the worn sleeves of her drab delaine frock.

"I'll be switched!" ejaculated the lean driver as he dropped the reins down upon the bays' backs and they sprang into a swift trot. "Wish you'd tell me just how you hit that there rooster to kill him so quick. Much as ever chickens'll die for me, when I've chopped their heads off."

"She must 'a' broke his neck," said Abel.

The bays covered the ground so quickly the Dobard house was in sight in a few moments. Its yellow chimneys made the lean man straighten himself. He had dropped his neck into his coat collar and sunk, so to speak, into himself after the manner of a turtle. "'F I was you, I wouldn't traipse off in woods even with them Brierly girls," he began, turning to Josephine. "'Taint just exactly safe."

"Papa said there are no Indians around here," replied Josephine.

"Now an' then there's them as is as bad, or wuss," said the man.

"Can boys go around and traipse, as you call it?" persisted Josephine.

"Boys is different," replied the man.

CHAPTER III

AN ARMY POST

IT was June, 1862. News and men traveled more slowly then, than now. To Dr. Paul Dobard and Captain John Worden the history of the war was bewildering. The story of the fall of Fort Sumter, and the first battle of Bull Run, had reached the isolated fort in the far West, where the two were stationed, months after these events happened. Each had long before asked for retirement from service, and had received it.

The close intimacy and friendship between them had begun in boyhood, when studying Latin and mathematics in the bare and often chill Ferndale Seminary, an institution which had, despite its plainness, an inspiring effect upon the young life thronging it. John Worden was from Pompey Hill, where his father was banker, postmaster, and the keeper of what was called "The Store," or, as the sign above its door read, "Emporium of General Merchandise."

But if John's father was a trader, his father's father had been an officer in the regu-

lar army, and had been made major-general for heroic conduct at the battle of Baltimore. By some secret of nature, John was like him in mind if not in body, and Postmaster Peter, his father, had small difficulty in getting him the appointment at West Point he coveted. Paul Dobard also resembled a grandfather, who had been a physician and surgeon of fame in his day. His father Joseph, president of the Ferndale Citizens' Bank, and interested in what were described vaguely as "State Works," had protested against his son's desire to enter the army, after three years' study in New York and two years spent in the hospitals of Paris and Vienna, but at last was persuaded to unwind the necessary red tape to that end, and after a year at New Orleans, Dr. Dobard had joined his old friend at Post Klamas on the Columbia.

Josephine's first recollection was of roses, and of cloudlike peaks of azure and silver far up the blue sky. A lovely dark-eyed face was part of this picture, and a voice that sang, high, clear, hauntingly sweet. Mamma Worden, whose hair was as yellow as the barley the soldiers sowed for their horses, and whose neat braids shone like a crown on her beautiful head, always told Josephine the brown-eyed lady with the curls was her own

dear mother. That she rarely missed that mother, who had died when she was not yet four, was because Mamma Worden left her little to long for. Josephine, however, did miss companions of her own age. The few garrison children were much older, or mere babies, and so she filled her brief solitudes with an imaginary playmate of whom she never spoke, even to her father, to whom she confided even her most secret thoughts. "Virginia Carter," as Josephine named her, was always on call, and could be easily disposed of, so naturally she went "around the Horn" with Josephine, and became with her an inmate of Grandma Dobard's spacious old mansion at Ferndale.

On her fifth birthday Josephine began having regular lessons. She had learned to read and write without effort, and without being conscious that she was learning, just as she had learned to sew as part of the day's pleasant play. But on the fifth birthday a small folding table, and a small chair brought all the way from Boston to Portland, and then to Post Klamas, were placed behind the small battered army safe in Dr. Dobard's office, and every morning Josephine had lessons. Sometimes she memorized something from a book, often she labored over a task prepared by her father.

A small window at her left gave her a good light. Beyond it, in a corner screened from the public by a curtain of blue print, hung "Corporal Murphy," a person "who was only bones," Josephine assured "Virginia Carter," when a wandering breeze made the "Corporal" rattle. In life a very bad Indian, the Corporal had died from whiskey and exposure, and was now for the first time useful, for by means of his neatly-wired skeleton, Dr. Dobard was able to teach the enlisted men how to give aid to the injured. Post Klamas was no mere depot for soldiers and supplies where life went on easily and gaily. Along the rivers Indians watched with sullen eyes the white men they called "Bostons," ever coming through the mountain passes from the East. Unlike the Hudson Bay people, the "Bostons" would cut away the forests, and plant grain and orchards. The beaver dams would be replaced by dams turning the wheels of factories and mills. Without the restraining fear of Fort Klamas, and its hawk-eyed Colonel, the red men would have met these pioneer state-makers with the tomahawk. From "Corporal Murphy" Josephine learned the beautiful structure of her own plump little body, and to draw its bony framework. Captain Worden taught her the names of the planets and where to find them,

and showed her the moons of Jupiter and the rings of Saturn through his fine field-glass. Mamma Worden taught her the use of water-colors, and by means of a tiny melodeon, the rudiments of music. She also told her many stories of the pretty village in which she grew up, a village of white houses with green blinds and flower gardens, and of historic interest. As for the Doctor, he described many cities overseas, and better yet the great plantation near New Orleans, where among roses and oleanders, one never-to-be-forgotten day, he had found her mother. But no one could tell her much of the matter she wanted to know about most, namely heaven, where it is and what it looks like. Even Mr. Knox, the missionary, who came up from Portland once a month, if possible, knew little more than "the fathers," as Josephine called her own father and Captain Worden, yet he had been to the Holy Land and to Egypt; and Father Bogue, who also came once a month to say mass and counsel the Catholic troopers, and could tell you the Latin name of most everything, was no wiser. Mr. Knox, who frequently announced that he came from "th' state o' Maine," knew more Bible stories than Mamma Worden, but when Josephine questioned him, he replied frankly, "Heaven, dear

child, is not our concern. We have all we can do to attend to our duty here."

"But heaven *is* my concern. My very own mother is there," protested Josephine.

"And my Johnny's mother is there," replied Mr. Knox.

"And you don't know where it is?"

"It is with God, and, dear child, we are now with God. We have to be ready when God orders. We are ready when we do our best, and are obedient."

"That makes being good solemn," said Josephine.

"But happy, too," assented Mr. Knox.

Father Bogue, when Josephine appealed to him, could add little, but he warned Josephine she must take care to be sorry for her sins.

"But I don't do sins," she declared. "Except I often feel like doing 'em, like running away out of the reservation, and slapping Daphne when she pulls my hair when she brushes it. But I don't *do* either. Indians might catch me, if I run off, and Daphne's black. Mamma Worden says I must be a lady, and ladies are never unkind to servants."

"Just so, but anger is a sin," said the rosy priest, his blue eyes twinkling.

"If you have a good reason, and don't say anything?" argued Josephine. But just then

someone came to invite Father Bogue to luncheon, and Josephine took refuge behind the old army safe. She dropped her head into the circle of her arms spread upon the little table, and wept softly. "They don't know," she confided to the Corporal, and the ever-sympathetic "Virginia Carter." "I want my own mother. She's in heaven, they say, and she knows. But she don't come back."

Good Mr. Knox, being a light stepper, had come into the Doctor's office unnoted by the keen young ears behind the safe, guessed that for some reason Josephine was grieved, and paused a moment. Then, unable to think of any words that would comfort her, he retreated, and came back making all the noise possible. "I've got the pleasantest house in Portland for you and Mamma Worden," he said. "You can move there any time."

CHAPTER IV

JOSEPHINE GOES TO SCHOOL

FOR weeks Mamma Worden had not been going about in her usual quick, light way. Sergeant McTavish had contrived a lounge for her, and afternoons she rarely left it. That she might have more comforts, and gather strength for the long journey to the New York hills for which she pined, it had been decided that the little household should remove to Portland, then a small village. The bells tolling the passing of John Brown had not yet sent their echoes to the Pacific coast. After giving their government sixteen years of honorable service, there was no reason apparent, why Captain Worden and Doctor Dobard should not ask for discharge. The Captain was anxious about his wife. The Doctor wanted to place his hot-tempered, impulsive little Josephine in a good school. His half-sister was dead. His stepmother was growing old. The homestead in which she lived, and the great farms from which she drew her income, "would soon be his," she wrote him,

"and needed his attention." He wished, too, to put himself again in touch with the world of his profession. The four, long one household, were to go East together, taking with them old Cupid and his daughter Daphne, negroes who had come with Josephine's mother from the Pavageau plantation on the lower Mississippi, and who considered themselves as much Pavageau as Josephine herself.

Directly after the removal to Portland, Josephine was placed in Madame Dardenne's "Select School for Young People." For two "long bits" ($12\frac{1}{2}$ cents) a week, one could learn many things. Madame's husband taught the pupils penmanship Wednesday afternoons, and dancing Friday afternoons. Beside teaching excellent French, Madame had classes in "all branches of polite learning," as she assured her patrons. Out of school hours she taught the piano. Her touch was old-fashioned, being very staccato, but she taught her pupils with a care they appreciated later when other teachers revealed its value. At first glance her school seemed disorderly. Pupils might study aloud and talk to each other about their lessons. Anyone daring to talk of any other matters was instantly detected and punished. One might sit anywhere. Josephine was quite free to help Johnny Knox,

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the missionary's son, with his arithmetic and he might help her to put sentences into the droll frames or diagrams compelled by Clark's grammar. It was Johnny who comforted Josephine when one afternoon she went home to find Mamma Worden had suddenly gone into the mysterious silence in which her own mother had disappeared. In vain Daphne had tried to quiet her sobbing after Dr. Dobard had told her as gently as possible the solemn fact.

"She won't come back!" she wailed, pounding the bole of a huge elm, obligingly near the back door. "They never do. I've prayed and prayed God to send back my own mamma, and she's never come. She can't, or if she does, I can't see her. Why don't we know more about heaven? You needn't talk to me, Johnny Knox! Your father don't know any more about heaven 'n anybody."

A red glow came under Johnny's many freckles. His snubby nose and outstanding ears turned crimson. Criticism of his father was unbearable. But he could not endure Josephine's tears. Anything happening to make her sad seemed far worse than any possible pain to himself. "There! there!" he comforted, dabbing her cheeks with his grubby handkerchief. "Father's always told me we know all that is

necessary. You see we are in this world, and there's sights o' things to be done. An' because we cannot see people is no sign they are gone forever an' ever. There's my half sister way off in th' state o' Maine—"

"But you can go an' see her in boats an' cars an' wagons," interrupted Josephine.

"Yes, but see here. S'pose somebody said Jupiter has no moons 'cause he couldn't see 'em with his plain eyes like we've seen 'em through the Captain's glass, an' s'pose somebody said there's no little creatures in water like we've seen through your father's microscope, just 'cause he'd never seen water through such a glass!" Johnny paused a moment to take breath, then added gravely, "It's awful foolish thinking what we haven't seen, isn't."

"Just us ourselves p'raps," argued Josephine, "but all the people that ever was, and is, is different."

"Well, my father says when I've asked him about heaven, that my job is to be ready," persisted Johnny.

"That's th' way papa Captain talks to th' enlisted men," commented Josephine letting her apron drop from her swollen eyes an instant. "But that's just another way o' saying, 'Be good.'"

"Yes," assented Johnny, "I do s'pose 'tis."

JOSEPHINE GOES TO SCHOOL 27

"Prob'ly then I'll never get there." Josephine relapsed into her apron again. "I get mad's fire, and I like to be lazy, and Father Bogue's told me them is two deadly sins."

Johnny hitched away an inch or two, and looked at her wonderingly. "I thought girls didn't feel that way," he confided slowly. "I thought they were different. An' anyhow Father Bogue's nothing but a Catholic. My father never said a word to me about deadly sins, only just sins."

"You weren't ever girls," Josephine gave a convulsive sniff. Daphne had come out and besought her to be quiet for the sake of her papa Captain. "We may have it different, but we don't have it easier, and as for Father Bogue and your father, they prob'ly know different things an' all of 'em may be true. Madame Dardenne knows things Mamma Worden never spoke of, or either of my fathers."

Old Cupid, who had been going about noiselessly, gently serving everyone, all but chuckled. "Little Missy have th' Pavageau mind," he assured Daphne. It was the evening of that never-to-be-forgotten day that heart-shaking news came over the eastern mountains, news that brought peculiar pain to Dr. Dobard. He had planned to take Josephine first of all

to her mother's people. There were no very near kindred, for the beautiful Josephine Pavageau who had chosen to marry the young doctor at Fort Chalmette was an orphan without brothers or sisters. But there had been a host of uncles, aunts, and cousins, who would welcome and love Josephine's Josephine. Now there was but one thing for the Captain and Doctor to do.

One week after Mamma Worden had been laid at rest in the little burying-ground at Portland, the Captain, the Doctor, Josephine, and Cupid and Daphne were on board a slow freighter bound for Callao. When they arrived in Ferndale the balm o' Gilead trees were opening their shining leaf buds, and the papers were full of the surrender of Natchez to Commodore Farragut. Like Cupid and Daphne, Josephine felt she had come into a very strange world.

CHAPTER V

"BEING A SAINT"

"**I**T 'pears to me folks yere ain't had no raisin'. Dey sure aint much mannahts," Cupid complained to Daphne, who at the moment was tying Josephine's white apron. "Dey is pintedly proud dey aint got no niggahs, but dey don't treat niggahs as dey should be treated. Dey sure don't."

"Who's done things to you, Uncle Cupid?" Josephine demanded.

"It don't make no mattah, Missy," replied the old man.

"It does matter. You're my people, you and Daphne, and I won't have it."

"Law sakes, chile! don't raise no ruckus 'bout what a po' ole man like me say," protested Cupid. "I aint no sort o' 'count."

"But I riccolects ol' Miss allus say folks as is mean to servants, an' cruel to critters, is no possible 'count," said Daphne. "Yo' Gran'ma Pavageau, Honey, 'd 'siderate a hop-toad, an' there wa'n't no bettah quality de length o' de ribber."

The high-shouldered Dobard house was set

in the middle of a town block, and the space about it was walled in by an elaborate and tall wooden fence now rather the worse for age, and behind the fence was a barberry hedge. Over the carved, mahogany front door was a fan-shaped arrangement of French glass, and on each side of it were narrow windows, delicately etched. Over the wide stone steps was a high porch, with white lattices on either side that in June hung with garlands of roses and honeysuckle. At the west of the house was a fine group of Scotch larches. Beyond them was a great laburnum and near the corner were altheas and hawthorn. On the east was a formal garden. Little heart-shaped flower beds were set about a great round one in which was a fountain. A dolphin, bent sharply upon his tail, sent up a shining plume of water when a certain handle was turned. A barberry hedge stood between this garden and the kitchen garden at the back. On the other side a cedar hedge veiled the spacious drying green. All this land had once been kept with nice care, but Adam Saunders, who had looked after it more than forty years, was past sixty-five and swollen here and there with rheumatism, and Madame Dobard, past seventy, had not the energy to seek new help, or the patience to endure it, could it be obtained. So the

Doctor found Adam and his wife in the small red cottage beside the barn, just where he had left them sixteen years before, and the fountain pool dry, the dolphin's mouth full of dead leaves, and the small conservatory, that had been his father's delight, given over to dust, spiders, and rusty watering pots, while the hedges and shrubs were in sad need of pruning.

"But it's still the finest place in Ferndale," old Adam bragged to Josephine when, with Janey, her favorite doll, she went out to see him, leaving Cupid and Daphne busy looking over dandelion greens in the outer kitchen. "They's 'spensiver places, but that's all you can say fur 'em. Our place looks like what it is, th' home o' nice folks."

Josephine nodded gravely over Janey's red kid hood. She was accustomed to have grown people talk to her as if she were one of themselves, and with an ever-hungry curiosity, had a strange habit of silence, which gave one the impression she understood everything said to her.

"Ferndale's got all the sorts o' folks they is," went on Adam. He was setting out tomato plants, transferring them from a tin pan to a carefully prepared plot on the sunny side of the barn. "Jus' north's th' Peter Biles house. He owns th' four big mills by th' bridge, an' sings in th' Wesly'n church. He makes th'

best flour they is, but as you may say he does it on th' side. His 'chief end,' as the catechism says, is abolishin' slavery. All his boys an' nephews is in th' war. He says niggers is as much folks as anybody, an' to prove it he has Washington Clay, th' barber, up to sing along with his daughter Hannah, jus' home from boardin'-school an' pretty's a pink, an' talkin' o' goin' on a mission some'eres."

"Mr. Saunders, have you been impolite to Cupid, or Daphne?" A sudden suspicion had made Josephine draw her pretty brows together in a frown.

"Me?" Old Adam spat contemptuously. "No, I aint been nawthin to 'em."

"Well, you better not be," threatened Josephine, "because they are my people,—and—and nice." This was not the phrase she wanted, but all she could think of.

Adam carefully set out three tomato plants before he spoke again. He had never heard slaves spoken of as "people," and did not understand what Josephine meant. "They're pretty black," he said grimly.

"They didn't make theirselves. God made 'em. It's God you're finding fault with," said Josephine quickly. "My Grandpapa Pavageau had more than nine hundred at Rosière plantation, Uncle Cupid says, and there were as many

more at the lower place where the sugar was made."

"Well, he must 'a' had his work cut out for him lookin' after 'em," commented Adam, suddenly surmising what "people" meant to Josephine. "Doc' Pardee'd ought to 'a' been born down there. His place is jus' next us south. He says niggers is jus' a shade better'n monkeys. He gits old Peter Biles hoppin'. But la! Every darkey 'n town'd run his legs off for th' Doc. He looks after all on 'em for nothin', an' when wuthless Bill Fitch broke his leg he had him to his office, an' took care on him 's if he was th' gov'nor. Th' place on th' corner opposite is th' Dodsons'. I don't p'sume your Grandma'll crave to have you cultivate them, though old Dodson's uncle to th' father o' the Brierly girls you run away with to th' cim'try, rooster killin'."

Something, perhaps the thought of Dander's execution, so tickled Adam he rocked back and forth on his heels for a moment, while Josephine explained sharply that she did not run away, but just went, and had no intention of killing anything.

"Well, well," assented the old man soothingly, "I wouldn't agin 'f I was you. Th' Brierly girls are ruther lawless. Th' Dodsons are jus's they are, an' their pa's mother was a

Dodson. La! Walter sot out to be th' town genius. One while he painted pictures, then he blowed a horn an' sung in a trav'lin' show. When he was home he practised his voice back o' th' buryin' ground an' folks was scared thinkin' some wild critter'd been in a circus, had got loose an' was howlin'. Jus' afore th' war broke out he'd took to doctorin' animals. His wife's an awful nice woman, an' has had an awful hard time, but you'll git acquainted with plenty o' little girls when you go to Miss Sadwell, an' won't 'specially need th' Brierlys. I dunno' but you're some young though for Miss Sadwell."

"I'm goin' on eleven since May," Josephine frowned over Janey's red hood, "an' Madame Dardenne said I'm quick."

"Oh, quick!" Old Adam's face drew into a disdainful smile. "Girls often are."

Josephine turned quite white, and her eyes blazed. Had Janey been Peg, her wooden doll, she would have been flung at Adam. As it was, all she could do was to stamp a slim foot, and cry angrily, "You, Mr. Saunders, you!—you're a horrid old man!"

Abel Ladd raised himself up from the onion bed which he had been industriously weeding. Old Adam was chuckling and rocking back and forth upon his heels.

"Come on 'round front till I show you where there's a wren's nest," said Abel quietly. "That's him singin' now," he added after a moment, during which the air thrilled with a brief but beautiful bird song. "I call him 'Little Rapture.' Don't you think that name's all right?"

"Yes," assented Josephine, "and I think, too, that Mr. Saunders is just what I said. I'd hate to be awful old, an' bald, an' wrinkled like him, an' be so hateful."

"Well, if you don't want to be hateful when you're like Grandma Dobard, you've got to begin now," said Abel gravely. "My mother's always said 't old folks can't help doing's they've been doing all their lives."

A lanky young fellow too tall for the overalls and jumper he has wearing, Abel, in spite of his often careless speech, was unmistakably a gentleman. His mother was Grandma Dobard's second cousin, and he paid for his board working for old Adam, and also found time to take high grade in Latin, Greek and mathematics in Ferndale Seminary.

"My Mamma Worden used to say, 'You can't do things when folks are not looking without running the risk of doing them when folks are looking,'" said Josephine thoughtfully.

"No, you can't," assented Abel. "We're all one piece. We get ourselves in habits. Saunders has let himself get th' habit o' pickin', an' you're lettin' yourself get th' habit o' flyin' mad."

"But Mr. Saunders made me."

"Naw,—you let yourself." Abel wagged his long head up and down, and his voice was very gentle. "You've got to get hold o' that self o' yours."

Josephine walked slowly over to the group of frilly larches. On the book-shelves of her pretty room she had found a shabby red book full of, to her, fascinating stories. "The Lives of the Saints" was the title, and the author was set down as "A Southern Gentleman." "I'll try being a saint," she confided to Janey's painted ear, and to the ever-present "Virginia Carter." She had dragged a candle box from the barn out into the space in the center of the group of trees, also a small blue rocker she had found in the woodshed chamber. The candle box served as a locker, the rocker as a resting place.

"Father Bogue was a missionary like those saints, and so was Mr. Knox, and they didn't have nice times." She had seated herself and had stretched out her legs. "But neither did th' reg'lar saints. But Father Bogue and Mr. Knox live way off in Oregon, and th' reg'lar

saints lived ages ago. This is here, and now, and so, different." Josephine was not quite sure that "Virginia" could understand this, so after a moment she added, "There aren't any kings or queens to cut my head off, and Grandma and Ann Mary, and Abel, and even Mr. Saunders, aren't like soldiers and Indians."

Josephine got through the rest of the day with little trouble, but the next morning, which was Sunday, saintship turned difficult. Grandma had wakened with a headache, and perhaps for that reason found fault with Josephine's clothes. For the most part the dresses had been contrived out of Mamma Worden's old gowns, and were growing tight in the armholes, and short in the skirts, but Josephine had a curious love for them. They were part of the life she had left behind never to return, and when Sergeant Diderot's sister had made them, they had called forth pleasant comment from all the little world of the post. Ferndale was, to be sure, four times larger than Portland, and Portland had seemed a city after Post Klamas, but these facts did not impress Josephine. Daphne had selected as most suitable, a dress made from one of Josephine's own mother's wedding outfit, a silk of exquisite quality, in illusive shades of blue and silver.

But it bunched at the waist, as no skirts bunched east of the Mississippi, in the year 1862.

"I declare, if you don't look as if you had stepped out of the ark of Noah!" exclaimed Grandma, at sight of her. "And there isn't time to change, if you have anything more like what's what."

"It was made of my own mamma's frock, Daphne told me," replied Josephine proudly, "and I don't care what's what."

"You'll have to learn to care," Grandma spoke grimly, while taking a last look at her own reflection in the long mirror between the long windows of the front parlor. She made a handsome figure in rustling purple moiré and an embroidered white crape shawl. Softened by her own self-satisfaction, she added not unkindly, "And you'll have to learn to control your state of mind."

Josephine was about to retort, "I'm in the state of mind you put me in," when recalling her resolution to try and be a saint, she was silent, and followed Grandma, who had taken Abel Ladd's arm to go down the front steps.

"You go before us," commanded the old lady after a moment. Josephine obeyed, but at the next corner contrived to drop back that she

might walk with Cupid and Daphne, who, she was discovering, were treated with an odd, chill dislike by the whole household.

The old Orthodox pastor had died the year before, and a fiery young man was just now in his place. He had a weak lung, and was the only son of a widowed mother, or he would have been in the army. With all his untrained soul he wanted to help men and women to be good, and to that end he beat the pulpit cushions till clouds of twinkling dust came from them and set him coughing, and he kept at it till the hands of the round clock before him in the gallery pointed to twelve-thirty. Josephine was not alone in her relief when the choir broke out as if in protest at what they had just heard,—

"O Paradise, O Paradise!
'Tis weary waiting here;
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see him near;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight."

"Well, Honey-bunch, how'd ye like th' preachah?" asked Cupid as he polished his round face with a scarlet silk handkerchief.

Josephine was walking near him, to make up as she could for his banishment with Daphne to a corner in the gallery.

"He give me a poor opinion o' God," replied Josephine gravely. She was walking carefully on the irregular blocks of stone that made Ferndale wearing to shoe tips. "Mr. Knox used to tell me God is sorry for poor sinners, not angry all the time as this gentleman says."

"Don't let nobody nur nuffin' set ye against God, Honey. Dis yur preacher sure did make de spit fly, but he minded me o' a green simon. When de fros' o' trouble nip him, he's gwine tur be wiser an' sweeter, an' he's plainhearted. He sure are pintedly strivin' tur wuck fo' de Lawd," said Cupid earnestly.

Meanwhile Grandma was talking to Abel. "Think o' that hymn after that sermon on th' justice of God!" she exclaimed. "It takes she that was Rhoda Biles to be contrary. If she aint as great an abolitionist as her father, on account o' Philander Peck bein' as he is, she's a Biles."

"I love that hymn," cut in Josephine, who had caught Grandma's first sentence. "Mamma Worden used to sing it," and pianissimo in a high, clear, sweet soprano like her own mother's voice, she began singing,—

"Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
Oh, keep us in thy love,
And guide us to that happy land
Of perfect rest above;
Where loyal hearts, and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture, through and through,
In God's most holy sight!"

Abel Ladd caught his breath, and on Grandma's face came a glow of mingled pride and delight, while a little girl sprang up on a gate they were passing. She was a pretty creature, with great dark eyes like stars, black curls, and a complexion of brownish yellow.

"Who is that?" asked Josephine when they had passed to their own side of the street.

"Nobody you're liable to meet," replied Grandma.

CHAPTER VI

BONNETS AND FROCKS

“**P**AUL, that child must have new things right away,” said Grandma.

The family were at breakfast. Dr. Dobard had come back from the camp at Oswego where he had been a week, and Captain Worden had returned from a brief visit with relatives at Pompey Hill. Josephine sat between them, and until this announcement by Grandma, had been enjoying herself. The old-fashioned dining-room looked out upon the flower beds and the waterless dolphin. Embroidered white muslin curtains veiled the long French windows. The mahogany cupboards in two corners twinkled with choice china, silver, and frost-like glass. A pale yellow paper was on the walls. At intervals brown columns seemed to go from floor to ceiling, and between them hung garlands of roses. On either side of the fireplace were short windows with deep ledges. On one stood a tall rose-bush, now full of crimson flowers. In the other was a pink and white fuchsia, which Grandma called “lady’s ear-drop.” The

flowers were indeed about the size of the gold ornaments Grandma wore in her delicate old ears, that Abel Ladd spoke of disrespectfully as "sinkers." Over the mantel hung a smudgy but imposing portrait, which had a vivid quality of likeness, though it was plain the artist did not know all the secrets of his craft.

Abel Ladd sat opposite Josephine. As he took most of the care of Grandma's two fat horses, it was often pleasanter that he have one side of the table to himself. He did not resent it. He never resented anything, unless driven to, and then someone had an unpleasant time. Abel's chief quality was interest. Nothing was too trivial or too remote to excite it. So he gave the same attention to Grandma's remark about Josephine's wardrobe he had given a few moments before to Captain Worden's description of how the Indians catch salmon along the Columbia river. When Josephine promptly interposed before her father could speak, "I've plenty of clothes, Grandma," Abel almost choked himself with sudden laughter and waffles.

"You may have enough to cover you, but you haven't anything proper," said Grandma, frowning. "You look for all the world like a Dutch churn."

Josephine had never seen a Dutch churn, but

she knew Grandma meant to be offensive. "I won't have you calling the clothes Doddy-rot made me ugly names," she cried, springing up.

"I s'pose Doddy-rot was an Injun squaw," sniffed Grandma, a flush rising in her delicate old cheeks.

"Oh no," said Dr. Dobard. He had put his arm about Josephine and was pressing her close to him. "Doddy-rot was sister to a sergeant, and her name was Diderot, which Josephine in babyhood made Doddy-rot. As for clothes, get what you think is necessary, mother."

"Sister Rose came down from the hill with me yesterday, and we bought some things for her Laura, and our Josephine," said Captain Worden, rising and going into the wide hall. He returned with a parcel. "I chose the same fabric and figures for both, but in different colors." Opening the package, he shook out first a glistening white cotton stuff sprinkled over with circles of pink leaves and flowers, then a soft thin wool of a rose tint.

Josephine exclaimed with delight, and Grandma, after slipping on her glasses, declared them very nice. "You must have paid a pretty penny for 'em," she continued, "and they are beautiful, but what I had in mind were school dresses of English calico, and a

merino or two. Of course, too, she will need a flat."

"What's a flat?" asked Josephine with interest.

"Why, a hat for your head," replied Grandma.

"I don't need one," said Josephine with conviction. "My silk bonnet's nice enough for anything."

Drops of perspiration stood on Abel Ladd's big nose, and he chuckled. Grandma bent reproving hazel eyes upon him. Dress, in her opinion, is very important. It is part of one's position, like living on a good street. She opened her prim little mouth, then closed it while a curious look came into her face.

"Miss Vredder has some beautiful French braids," she began. "You'd look real sweet in one, trimmed say with pink watered ribbon, and white daisies. For school you'll need a leghorn." Turning to the Doctor she added, "You must remember Martha Vredder. She's keeping the best millinery store in town now, and is a perfectly awful copperhead. Folks wouldn't patronize her if they could help it. She took on terribly because the Orthodox bell was tolled when they hung John Brown, and you mustn't name Tom Von Zant to her, though she used to think her eyes of him. She

says his marching with the Wide-Awakes and going off with the first volunteers is on account of "the dirty Biles blood" in him. Tom's father, though he's most forty-five, is talking of raising a company, an' I do s'pose Martha'll have spasms if he does. There isn't any Biles about *him*."

"Fathers, am I to begin school right soon?" asked Josephine.

"Yes. There's no time to lose," said Dr. Dobard.

"Tom's grandfather's father was a distinguished officer in the Mexican war," observed Captain Worden. "I don't like that phrase 'dirty Biles blood.' "

"And old Peter would have gone with his sons at President Lincoln's first call, if the old General had not begun losing his mind," said Abel Ladd, growing very red at the sound of his own voice. "And I heard Dr. Pardee say old Peter would have been in Congress had he not been such a rabid abolitionist."

"He's more'n an abolitionist," said Grandma, rising. "He's—well, he hasn't good sense."

A few minutes later Josephine slipped into the spacious closed parlor, and gazed at herself in the long mirror between the French windows at the front. She admitted to herself, she did look different from the little girls she

had watched from the fence. Until now she had never heard of "fashions," nor of the mysterious "they" who order the garments one must wear to be well dressed. To be delicately clean, and whole, to tell the truth, to speak gently and kindly and correctly, and to obey the people one should obey, were the great matters in the world she had known. Of these great essentials she had never heard two opinions. But in Grandma's world, and in a school full of girls, clothes might mean a great deal, as Grandma asserted. Looking carefully over the figure she saw, she could not determine in what way she differed from the girls she had seen. The frills of embroidery, just visible below her frock which ended at her knees, had been made by Mamma Worden. The lace inside her sleeves had belonged to her own mother. She loved these belongings, come from her far-away and vanished home. But she wanted to look what Grandma had called, "sweet." "But I'm 'fraid I'll never be much of a saint here," she confided to the mirror. "Even when she's trying to be kind, Grandma makes me sudden angry. A saint wouldn't feel so. She wouldn't let herself mind. I might do better in a cell in that 'Valley of Wormwood' Father Bogue used to tell about. But p'raps I'd be myself even there. If flats'll

make me look sweet, I'll have 'em. I'd like hoops, but Grandma says I'm too young. But Flo Leet has 'em, and other girls."

Remembering several matters about which she wanted information she went out to find "the fathers." Both had gone to the post-office. Small towns had no mail delivery in 1862.

"What are 'Wide-Awakes' and who was 'old John Brown?'" she demanded when she came upon Adam Saunders and Abel Ladd in the barn.

"The Wide-Awakes were a Republican marching club," replied Abel promptly and mindful of Firefly's heels, for he was rubbing down that sly and somewhat bad-tempered beast.

"A marching club't set th' whole country a-marchin' to their death," growled Adam, and, rising, he hung the harness he had been greasing on a convenient nail. "A nice mess they've made, they an' old John Brown."

"And who was 'old John Brown?'" persisted Josephine.

"A man who tried to rouse the negroes to rise and take their freedom," said Abel Ladd.

"A wicked lunatic who tried to get the negroes to murder their masters, yes an' women an' children," corrected Saunders in a loud, stern voice. "Don't anybody need try white-

washin' John Brown to me! Th' on'y kind thing you can think o' him, is't he was crazy."

The boy owning the wooden sword had his company out drilling. At this moment the little troop began singing. The tune was simple but compelling. The words also were simple, and repeated over and over. The high-pitched reedy voices pronounced them with almost solemn earnestness, accenting the time:

"John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in th' grave.
John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in th' grave,
But his soul goes marching on."

The chorus had a triumphant sweetness.

"Glory, glory hallelujah.
Glory, glory hallelujah.
Glory, glory hallelujah.
His soul goes marching on."

"Why does his soul go marching on?" asked Josephine.

"Because the slaves must be free," said Abel quietly.

"An' a pretty kettle o' fish there'll be," rasped Saunders, whose mother was Nantucket-born, and had filled his childish ears with sea phrases. "There's some of their freedom now, and what does it look like?"

The old man stretched a rheumatic arm toward the street with an angry snort.

A strange pair were passing. The man was very tall and very black. On his thick wool a worn silk hat was perched jauntily on one side. His thin black coat swung back from a lemon-colored vest. He twirled a slender cane. The young woman beside him was white, and very blonde. Her simple blue lawn dress heightened her fairness. "Take a good look," commanded Saunders harshly. "You're growin' up, an' hist'ry's happenin'. That's Miss Hannah Biles fresh from college, an' th' nigger's Washington Clay, th' barber. I will say he'd be a decent nigger'f old Peter Biles didn't try to make a fool of him. He'd be at work this minute if Peter didn't bait him up to sing with Miss Hannah. He sings in the choir along o' Peter, an' Hannah plays th' organ. Old Peter'd call that 'th' rights o' man,' I s'pose."

"Miss Hannah trains Washington to please her father. He's got a fine voice, that darkey," interposed Abel, flushing.

"Well, such as that don't please me," snapped Saunders.

Josephine's large, dark eyes opened wide. She watched the strange pair disappear in silence. After "the fathers" Daphne and Cupid stood close to her heart, and were part

of life itself. But these two somehow vexed her as they had Saunders. Ferndale, she concluded, was a puzzling place, and living in it more difficult than in Portland, or Post Klamas.

CHAPTER VII

THE QUESTION OF EARRINGS

“**Y**OU can’t sew!” Grandma Dobard put up slim old hands in protest. “Th’ women who had charge o’ you must ’a’ been terrible slack.”

“They weren’t,” contradicted Josephine angrily. “’Sides, there was always Doddy-rot to sew me. Why should I sew myself? An’ now there’s Daphne.”

“Dear me suz!” Grandma looked at Josephine over her glasses in a way that made her seem four-eyed. “When I was your age I could do anything with a needle, except blind-stitching, and that,—” she paused, perhaps to reflect upon the difficulties of this branch of the art the goddess of wisdom is said to have taught women, then added meekly, “I’ve never quite got hold of.”

The tall mahogany clock in the corner ticked with solemn aggressiveness. Its “tick-tock” seemed to warn all hearers that time was flying with the speed of light.

“Don’t trouble ’bout me.” Josephine’s anger vanished before Grandma’s confiding tone.

"I'll never sew people. I wouldn't like to. It gave Diddy-rot a bad back and pains in her side. An's I told you, there's Daphne."

Grandma opened her prim lips, then firmly closed them, just as she had innumerable times since Dr. Dobard and his daughter had plashed into the quiet in which she had drowsed for more than fifteen years. She told herself that the child of a Louisiana French mother, born and reared in the wilds of the West, could not be expected to know everything a Ferndale girl knew as a matter of course. But she was certain that a well-brought-up girl must be able to sew, and to sew well. Again she gazed over her spectacles, this time with authority.

"I must trouble, my dear," she said. "No matter how you may be situated, you will have to take stitches every now and then, to keep your wardrobe in proper repair. It's what you don't know, not what you know, that'll stand in the way of your happiness. When I was your age I had made two quilts."

"But Grandma, I don't want to make quilts as you did so long ago."

"You needn't do just what I did," Grandma conceded, "but you must learn hand sewing. No machine can rival it in beauty. You'll sew as long as you live. I do, and I am seventy-

two. And if you do not care to make a big quilt, you can make a small one for your doll's bed. When you can sew well, I'll give you some coral ear-drops I have."

Josephine had often eyed Grandma's ears with keen displeasure. "The sinkers," expensive affairs set with rubies, had so worn the delicate flesh that the holes through which the gold wires passed yawned. "I don't want ear-drops," she said firmly. "Mamma Worden didn't have holes in her ears to hang things, nor Mrs. Dill, and Colonel Dill commanded."

A flush came into Grandma's withered cheeks. Again her lips opened, then closed in the new self-control she was learning. From behind the glass doors of the tall mahogany bookcase she took a red book with gilt edges. The binding impressed Josephine. She was not familiar with red books having gilt-edged leaves.

"See here!" The old lady opened the volume to a beautiful face framed in curls. "This is the lady you are named for. She was an empress. I p'sume you'll admit she knew what is proper."

Over the exquisite head swept a white ostrich plume. In the ears were jeweled rings. On the title-page was the legend, "The Life of the Empress Josephine."

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"I was named for my mamma, and she was named for her mamma. The fathers have both told me. I'm no relation to this book lady. She prob'ly wore earrings 'cause she liked 'em. But I don't. An' I don't like white feathers either."

"Land-o'-liberty!" snapped Grandma, at the end of her patience. "Little girls should do as they are bidden. My ears were pierced afore I remember."

"Afore you remember!" echoed Josephine, to whom Grandma seemed to go back to the world's beginnings. "It's no wonder th' holes are so big."

Perhaps it was fortunate that Dr. Dobard hurried in just at that moment to bid Josephine good-bye for a day or two, then rushed away to catch the express for Oswego, where several thousand men were drilling.

Josephine escaped to the back yard, where, as it was Saturday, Abel Ladd was weeding onions.

"Would you like to see me wearing coral ear-drops?" she began.

"No sir—eee!" replied Abel with emphasis and rubbing his big nose with a dirty finger. "I think earrings look like—" He paused, for the word upon his lips was not just suitable for Josephine to hear, he told himself, so

he added after a second,—“like all possessed!”

“Grandma says I’d look sweet in ’em.”

“Sweet!” Abel gave a queer snort and swung back on his heels. He had been kneeling. “How do you think I’d look in ’em?”

“Gentlemen don’t wear ’em, not white ones,” she replied.

“Don’t they! Wait till you see some of the Canadian French on the flats. They wear just such little rings as Cupid does. They’ll tell you it’s for their eyes. La! There’s a woman near my home’t cures a sty by touching it with the tail of a black cat.”

A slight sound made the two look up. A lanky figure in gray was passing. The skirt stopped at the knee, beneath which flopped gray trousers.

“It’s Miss Salina Dodson,” explained Abel. “Don’t she look like Sam Hill!”

“They are convenient clothes,” argued Josephine.

“Well mebbe,” admitted Abel. “But how they look!”

“P’raps it’s ’cause they are different. Grandma says everybody that does things different’s queer, and their clothes are queer.”

“Well, my objection is they are so humbly. Why anybody dressed like that’d be humbly.”

“What is humble-ly?”

"Why,—unpleasant to look at. An' say?"—

"Say what?"

"Promise you'll not let your Grandma pierce your ears until th' Doctor's return. I'll take you to th' first good circus comes to town if you will."

"I'll promise. But I don't think Grandma'd let me go to the circus. I heard her say once ladies don't go, an' she's always telling me to be a lady. She says it's like playing th' piano. You must begin early an' practise all th' time."

"I p'sume that's right," admitted Abel, "an' p'raps it isn't just right to go to circuses in war time."

CHAPTER VIII

FIRST STITCHES

ONE morning Grandma got out a half-worn sheet made of two lengths of yard-wide cloth sewed together overhand. This seam she carefully ripped apart, and after basting the outer edges together, she called Josephine, who had been practising the scales on the small piano in her bedroom.

"With cotton cloth the price it is, a body should be thankful to have sheets to turn," Grandma declared. "And they do last longer. Of course it'll be tejus, but life's full of tejus long jobs especially for women, an' it's just th' thing for you to begin on."

"But I don't want to begin," protested Josephine.

"Well, you'll have to begin if you learn to sew."

"And it's a very long seam," Josephine frowned at the silver thimble and scissors Grandma had provided.

"Stitch after stitch'll do it, and it's only two yards and three-quarters."

"Tick-tock! Tick-tock" went the tall clock.

Ann Mary's canary sang shrilly in the sunny kitchen. The south wind gently swayed the great laburnums and made a myriad dancing lights upon the lawn. Delicious scents came from the spikes of bloom in the hyacinth bed under the sitting-room windows.

To Josephine, time had never snailed along as slowly as it snailed that golden morning. Forever seemed to have crawled by before she had set six inches of the ninety-nine before her with fairly regular stitches.

"I thought you couldn't sew!" exclaimed Grandma when her bright hazel eyes had glanced at the work through her "near to" glasses.

"I can't sew things, I never did."

"But this is sewing and not at all bad. You don't pay enough attention to the basting. You rip out an inch and a half, and do it over. It won't come out even if you don't. And mind the basting. It keeps you where you belong."

The vein above Josephine's left eye bulged with throbbing blood, as she bent over her task. Her fingers grew sticky as she impatiently picked out the stitches she had impatiently set. Grandma, in her pretty lilac lawn, her white lace cap with pink ribbons, and frilly muslin apron, seemed far away in some impossible calm of age. Her eyes stung

with the tears that wanted to come. Her back felt as if a myriad ants were running over it. But by a great effort of will she compelled herself to carefully re sew the two inches she had carefully ripped out.

"You're letting yourself get all het up over that," commented Grandma, whose birdlike hazel eyes had not lost a turn of Josephine's head or body. "As I said afore life's full o' tejus jobs, especially for women. Th' quicker you learn to take 'em pleasant th' better."

Josephine carefully folded the sheet, stuck her needle in it and left the room without replying.

"Well I declare!" exclaimed Grandma to Ann Mary, who had come in, and had heard her last words. "I must say I don't know what to do with that child."

"Don't do nothin'," counseled Ann Mary, regardless of grammar. She had been in the Dobard household so long she felt herself part of it and competent to give advice. "Sure she has to find herself, like a cat do in a strange place, an' belave me, a soft paw's best wid her. It's raison an' luvin'll make her do things, not scoldin' at all."

Out to the friendly larches Josephine had fled with her doll Janey, and there, face down, prone on the fragrant grass, she whispered her thoughts to Virginia Carter until she fell

asleep. An hour later she was wakened by hearing Ann Mary calling her name. "I don't like to have my name called out like that," she confided to Virginia. "Mamma Worden always sent Daphne after me." Still drowsy, she deliberately lay down again, determined not to be beguiled into the house where long seams were lurking, waiting for her to slowly sew them "over and over." She was almost asleep again when Cupid thrust his big head into the encircling shade.

"My, my! Pud Hun, your papa Worden's done gone disyur minute," he cried. "We's been a-callin' an' a-hootin' 'round ev'ywhere, an'—an' you don't answer, an' you done loss you chance tur say good-bye to de Cap'n."

In vain Josephine ran swiftly to the gate. The carriage was rounding the corner, and in an instant vanished. She started to run after it, but Abel Ladd checked her. "It's no use," he said. "He's just time to catch th' train. He could not stop if he heard you."

"But I'll not see him in ever so long!" wailed Josephine.

"You may never see him again on earth," replied Abel gravely. "He goes in obedience to a telegram. There's been a terrible battle. They called everywhere, but you did not come."

"I didn't understand. My mamma Worden always sent Daphne after me. I didn't like having my name called out loud."

"In times like these folks drop frills." Abel spoke gently, being troubled by Josephine's tears.

"Manners are not frills," argued Josephine. "I never heard officer ladies shouting to their children. Never."

"Don't make yourself vexed over nothings," counseled Abel. "Ann Mary has a heart of gold, and she took the quickest way to find you. It is what is meant, not what is done, that should be thought of. The Doctor will be going next. Even I will go. I enlisted this afternoon."

"You did? Oh, Abel!"

"Yes. As I told you there's been a terrible battle, and a new call for men. I am seventeen."

Josephine hurried into the house and sought out Daphne, who was carefully clear-starching a muslin for Grandma. "I feel as if the world were falling down. I want you to hold me," she sobbed. "And I'm never going to put off anything again."

CHAPTER IX

THE GIRL ON THE FENCE

“**A**RE you a black nigger Republican?”
“Am I a what?”

“A black nigger Republican?”

Plainly the questioner meant to be offensive. She hung on the picket fence enclosing the board villa standing close to the street at the corner, from which one could see Miss Sadwell's School for Young Ladies. Her hair curled in delicate honey-yellow spirals about her sallow little face, which was shaded by a sunbonnet of blue chambray. Her pale blue eyes were set close together over her sharp little nose. Her thin lips, parting in a taunting smile, showed crowding, snagged teeth not too well kept. Her cloth boots were bright with patent leather trimmings and white stitching. Her short blue cashmere skirts billowed out over hoops. In her ears and on her fingers twinkled rings. Around her neck was a massive gold chain from which hung a coral medallion.

“I don't know what you mean,” said Josephine. She had come from her grandmother's

gate to peer at the irregular brick house which Ann Mary, pointing from an upper hall window, had said was Miss Sadwell's school. She had also meant to ask this sharp-tongued little girl to come and visit with her in the shade of the larches.

Sleeping on the ground and the shock of not seeing Captain Worden before his sudden departure had brought on a slight fever, which had kept her in bed two days, with Dr. Pardee and Daphne in attendance. Now, out for the first time, she wore a silk dressing-gown, cut down by the faithful "Doddy-rot" from a sumptuous garment of her mother's. The shape was not unlike the modern kimono. But it looked odd in 1862. As the girl on the fence did not at once explain, Josephine added, "My fathers and Mamma Worden and all the nice people I know, never call black folks 'niggers.' "

"Prob'ly all your folks are black nigger Republicans then," replied the small bundle of malice on the fence. "My pa says, 'niggers is niggers,' an' he wouldn't be seen fighting for 'em. That's what the war is for. Jes' niggers. He's bought him a substitute if he's drafted. An' you haven't two fathers. An' your clothes make folks laugh."

"Folks can laugh if they want to, and I have

two fathers!" Josephine stamped a slim slippered foot by way of emphasis.

"Dear me!" interposed a kind, grave voice. "Dear, dear me!" It was the tall man wearing thick, square glasses, that Josephine had heard not long before from her perch on the fence post, and whom Mr. Peck had called "Elder Vandercook." The little blonde girl in blue seemed beyond his consideration. He appeared to see only Josephine, as he continued, "My dear little lady."

The next instant Rusha Brierly with her sisters came around the corner and surrounded Josephine.

"My pa says your pa's as poor's Job's turkey," shrilled the small person on the fence at the new arrivals. "You think you're great herbs, you do, but you aint!"

"Never mind her," counseled Rusha. "She isn't worth spitting on." Then, turning to Josephine, added, "Why, her father keeps a canal grocery." It was plain that a canal grocery was a very poor business indeed.

"Children!" The old gentleman spread out his arms as if to shoo chickens. "You are spoiling a delightful morning."

The Brierlys turned and walked with Josephine to her gate. "We're going after wild strawberries," Rusha explained. "We know a

place where one can have them for the picking. Wish you'd come along."

"And we're going to get dandelion blooms," added Fidelia Maria. "Mother makes a kind of drink from them that she thinks'll be good for Aunt's 'difficulty.' Say, you come along."

"No, no. I've been sick. It's Grandma's nap time too, but she wouldn't let me if she were awake."

"I knew your own grandmother, my dear," said the old gentleman when the Brierlys had gone, offering his hand in good-bye. "She was a beautiful woman."

"My own grandma!" echoed Josephine.

"Am I the first one to tell you Madame Dobard is your step-grandmother?" Elder Vandercook was plainly very much distressed.

"Yes. But I've not seen many people since I came to Ferndale," said Josephine with unconscious self-command. "But what are step people?"

The old gentleman's face flushed painfully. He fidgeted with his cane and cleared his throat some seconds before answering. "Your own grandmother died when your father was little more than a baby. After some years your grandfather married the lady you now call Grandma. And she is a very fine woman too, I'm told."

"And you're not to blame for being a step?"

"Dear me! No."

"I don't think Grandma wants me to know she isn't really truly. Only last night she told me I'm all she's got 'cept father, and she's all I've got 'cept my fathers."

"Just so. I hope soon you'll have suitable child friends. When you grow older you'll find no friends quite so dear."

"I've always Virginia," said Josephine with dignity.

"Ah!" The old gentleman nodded approvingly. "My wife and I live up the street a block. She is old like me, but we will be glad to have you come and see us."

"You're not old," protested Josephine. "Of course you're not as new as I am, but you're not old."

"Tut, tut! Yes, I be. Washington was president when I was born. I'm a Methodist preacher. I used to be a presiding elder. But I'm too old to move around. Luckily my wife has her parents' home. We keep bees and chickens, and have a garden. Come and bring your friend Virginia with you."

"Thank you," said Josephine, who had seen Daphne moving about the grounds and had slipped within the gate. "I'll be sure to come, but I never can tell what Virginia'll do."

"What's a canal grocery?" demanded Josephine when she was snuggled again in a softly-padded chair on the wide veranda, and Daphne had covered her feet with a rug.

"I sure don't know. Nobody ever spoke o' such to me."

"It's something makes you not worth spitting on," explained Josephine.

"It must be mons'ous low down den," said Daphne, "an' Honey Bug—"

"Yes, Daphne dear,—"

"I aint never heard any o' my ladies talk dat away. Dat 'spittin' business' I mean."

An hour later Josephine sought out Saunders, who was making an ear-racking noise sharpening a saw.

"A canal grocery!" he exclaimed in answer to her inquiry. "Well, if ever you see Mike Cliff's place down by the locks you'll know. I'll never be a Universaler's long's there are Mike Cliffs."

"You haven't *'splained* the canal grocery, and what's a Universaler?"

"A canal grocer sells th' poorest sort o' groceries for th' biggest price fur th' best to canalers. He also sells the worst sort o' rum," explained Saunders as he rubbed the saw with an investigating thumb. "As for Universalers they pretend to believe there aint no hell. It

aint reasonable to me. Th' Mike Cliffs go some'ers when they die. If ever you see th' Cliff place, an' th' old soaks lying on his verander all black with flies, you'll know what I can't tell ye, though it aint decent you should even walk on the other side o' th' street. I pity th' women folks belonging to such men. They can't help themselves."

"If your father was a Mike Cliff, what would you do?"

"You don't pick your father." Saunders drew a fearful screech from the saw with his file after announcing this fact.

"Would it make you hateful?"

"Like enough. More'n like enough."

CHAPTER X

THE "SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES"

MISS SADWELL was short and square of figure, and had keen, dark eyes, a thin, straight nose, and shining iron-gray hair which she arranged in bandeaux on either side of her colorless cheeks. She was addicted to wearing plaids. In winter it was cashmere, in summer gingham, and somehow these angular arrangements of color, in a mysterious way added to the severity of her dignified aspect. But when she smiled a pink flush rose in her face, and years dropped away from her, and when so minded she had a gentle way that put the shyest person at ease, so Josephine found it easy to answer all her examination questions in grammar, arithmetic, history and French. She was given a front desk with the younger scholars, among whom she was youngest, and made an excellent record her first week. Friday as school closed Miss Sadwell asked her if she would like a seat-mate.

"Yes. I'd like Della Laprade. She sings beautifully."

"I have been thinking to give you Jerusha

Brierly—" Miss Sadwell's face for an instant was unusually stern, then flushed pleasantly as she added, "She has a very superior mother, my dear." It was plain she thought a superior mother a rare possession.

"I want to know things," announced Josephine at the noon dinner. "But first I want to know about Della Laprade."

"Th' sight o' her folks ought to be enough," said Grandma, waving a hand toward the long east windows through which, despite intervening bushes and fences, one could catch glimpses of odd figures moving about the lawn of the corner house opposite.

"But you're not to blame for your aunts or grandmother, or even your mamma," protested Josephine. "You just have 'em without choosing."

Ann Mary, who was bringing in a large shortcake, nearly dropped it, because of laughter.

"It should be enough for you that I do not appove of your being intimate with her," replied Grandma tartly, and frowning both at Josephine and Ann Mary. "I have my reasons."

"Folks says as how Delly's terrible smart," put in Ann Mary quite unabashed.

"Laprade—" Doctor Dobard turned toward

Grandma. "I don't recall the name. Who are they?"

"It all happened after you left home, Paul. Della's mother was Fannie Dodson."

"And the father?"

"Was from Mississippi. Fannie met him at college. Old Dodson was a fanatic about the blacks, and he sent his girl to a college that admitted negroes. Fannie wanted to go to Mt. Holyoke, I'll say that much for her. But her father's nose was set that she go to Ohio. Laprade would pass for white, and folks said he was smart. Well, they came here married, but they had to leave that night. Your father and Dr. Pardee helped 'em off to Oswego and Canada. They would have been tarred and feathered, at least Laprade would. They went to England, and Laprade died there, and Fannie died just after she reached home with Della."

"A mob here in Ferndale! It seems impossible."

"And it was a wicked one. We were afraid they would burn the Dodson place."

"Well! well! And father and Dr. Pardee two of the worst old pro-slavery men in the county!"

"Yes, and the Doctor is yet, though his twin brother and his only son are with McClellan."

He talks worse than ever, and if he wasn't the best doctor in th' county something might happen to him."

"And old Dodson?"

"Living, and full of 'isms as ever. The last thing I knew of his making was a cough syrup of hemlock and wintergreen. It is very good. It stops tickling in your throat. He's made elderberry wines for several years and has a great sale for them. One from the male berry is for men, and one from the female berry is for women—"

A burst of laughter from the Doctor interrupted Grandma, who gazed at him in irritated astonishment. "He makes a good deal of money," she continued after a little. "He travels spring and fall to sell his wines and cordial, and I'm told the country folks all call him Dr. Dodson."

"What made you laugh, papa?" demanded Josephine.

"At Doctor Dodson's impossible botany. No plant or bush bears male and female berries."

"And there's something else I want to know," went on Josephine. "The women who washed for us at Post Klamas were not ladies like Mamma Worden and Mrs. Dill."

"No," assented the Doctor.

"The Brierly girls' mamma has done wash-

ings. I heard a girl saying she had afore school this morning. Her name is Ellen Joyce, and she lives over the river, and is going to sit with Flo Leet. She says she s'posed Miss Sadwell's school was more 'selected,' whatever that is, and when Laura Broderick asked her what she meant, she said she didn't s'pose she'd have to rub elbows with washwomen's girls. An' then Bina Forrest, who, you know, is from near where my mamma came from and owns hundreds of black folks, or did, spoke up and said, 'If you mean th' Brierly girls, I'd have you know there are none nicer, or smarter, or higher in their classes, and their mamma is a lady if she has done fine washing to help out.' "

"Good for Bina!" exclaimed the Doctor.

"And Miss Sadwell didn't want me to have Della Laprade for a seat-mate, but Rusha Brierly."

"You wanted Della?" said Grandma sharply.

"Yes. But I'm to have Rusha Brierly."

"Well! That will do very well. Mrs. Brierly is a beautiful woman."

"She's wonderful pleasant," said Josephine. "Her house is big and bare, but clean as anything, and she makes you want to stay and stay."

The door-bell rang imperiously. The Doctor answered it. Delicious scents floated in at

the open windows, before which a great mass of roses were in bloom. Somewhere an oriole was calling to his mate. A strange peace was everywhere, a joyous calm full of flowers and song.

"I don't understand about Della yet," said Josephine.

"It's not necessary you should," said Grandma dryly. "Just you let her alone."

"Is that the portrait of my grandfather Do-bard?" Josephine pointed at the rather smudgy painting over the fireplace.

"No, of his father, your great-grandfather, who lost his head not long before the French king lost his. Your grandfather secured this picture when he visited France in 1833. If he was French, he was a good man and a gentleman."

"Well, I'm American—" began Josephine, ruffled she knew not why by Grandma's setting forth of her grandfather's qualities. Just then her father entered holding a brownish-white envelope, and she ran to him, while Grandma rose in her place and stretched out her hands.

"Yes," he said, clasping Josephine in his arms. "It has come. I go in an hour. Try to deserve friends, my child. Study hard and take care of Grandma."

There was a brief confusion, and Josephine

found herself standing alone at the gate. The great elms rustled with a soft murmur. No one was in sight.

About ten days before, noting that Cupid and Daphne did not fit easily into Grandma Dobard's household, the Doctor had established them in a tiny red house in a side street only a block away. War had brought new activities to Ferndale, and many new people. The two easily found work. About the red house was a spacious garden. It was to this place Josephine turned for comfort. "My last father's gone," she wailed to Cupid, who was on his knees weeding onions. "I just have got to be with the folks I've known longest."

"My Honey Lamb!" exclaimed Daphne from the nearest window, and in a moment Josephine was established in the cushions of the big Boston rocker, where she sobbed unrestrainedly until Daphne said, "I shorely wish you could help me, Honey Bug. My fingers are too big to do de funny fixin's of this baby chile's dress I'm gittin' up."

"Like enough I can," said Josephine, wiping her eyes. "Let me try."

"I'm mighty anxious it look fine, case de baby chile's gwine tur be laid out in it, an' his papa's to de wa'. 'Pears like it wur doin' fo' de soldiers, doin' such as disyur."

“It is,” assented Josephine, deftly and quickly pulling the delicate lawn and lace into place under Daphne’s direction.

“Holpin’ somebody balms yore heart, Honey Love,” said the wise and tender-hearted black woman as she resumed her work. “I pities folks as haint no wuk tur speak on, an’ can spen’ all dere time ’flectin’ on dere own fretments an’ ’flections. I do so.”

CHAPTER XI

GRANNY WARD'S TULIPS

“**Y**OU'RE going to get a private reproof, that's what,” said Flo Leet at recess. “You've whispered a lot, and at first you studied aloud.”

“We always talked about lessons at Madame Dardenne's, and we studied as we pleased,” replied Josephine. “I've not whispered much since I understood we're not to speak to each other about anything.”

“Well, you done enough to get six demerits. That's why Miss Sadwell told you to wait after school this afternoon,” said Flo Leet not unkindly. “I think Miss Sadwell might consider how new you are. Why, if you get another six you'll have to stand up before the whole school, and take a public reproof.”

“And after that?”

“Why, she writes to your people how dreadful you are, and your marks.”

Fortunately it was pretty, gentle Mrs. Thorne who awaited Josephine in the prim parlor. Miss Sadwell's aged mother was not well and needed attention, and as assistant

teacher, Mrs. Thorne sometimes administered "private reproofs." For a moment Josephine believed Flo Leet had been mistaken, for Mrs. Thorne began by praising her work in her classes.

"You must have had excellent teaching," she said. "I never had a pupil of your age quite your equal in arithmetic and grammar."

"I do not spell correctly always," replied Josephine humbly. "I think of several ways if I stop to think at all."

"We all do that," said the teacher, "and as for your demerits I've wondered about the schools you have attended."

"Madame Dardenne kept a good school. We learned. We had to. But we could talk to each other about lessons. Johnny Knox taught me as much about arithmetic as teacher herself."

"Johnny Knox!" exclaimed the teacher. "Why, I have a young half brother of that name. He is with my father in Oregon. Father is a missionary."

"Johnny's father is a missionary. He used to come out to Post Klamas with Father Bogue, the priest."

In a moment Mrs. Thorne's arms were about Josephine, and "the reproof" was forgotten. First Josephine had to tell all she knew of

Johnny and his father. Then Mrs. Thorne explained her presence in Ferndale. The sudden death of her husband had been followed by the death of her grandfather, with whom she had lived since childhood. The only relatives she had living were in Ferndale. Dr. Pardee was her son's granduncle. She was stopping with cousins who lived in a low stone house by the burying-ground. There was a well with a sweep. There were many such "in th' state o' Maine" whence she came. Josephine must come and see it.

"I have. It is where I killed Dander," said Josephine.

"Dander?"

"Yes. The Brierly girls had to make him into meat. He picked me, and I gave him a push that killed him."

"Ah—" Mrs. Thorne suddenly recollected "the reproof." "And my dear—"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Do I understand that in the school you attended you could always whisper or even talk to other pupils about your lessons?"

"Oh yes. Always."

"Well, it is against rules here. That is all I detained you for."

After this, during school sessions, Josephine was appealed to in vain for help in lessons.

"Note passing is just the same as whispering," she told the girls. "I'll help you out of school, but not in. My fathers are not going to receive letters about my marks."

Her second week in school she began doing errands for old Granny Ward, whose spacious old house stood back among trees next Miss Sadwell.

Granny Ward was bent like a letter C, and wore a cap and hypocrite* like Grandma Do-bard. She also carried a cane, which she pounded on her rotting veranda to attract attention. She chose a new messenger every summer, and having pleasant remembrances of Josephine's father, her choice fell upon her. At sight of her, she would come nimbly out to the edge of her steps, and pounding with her cane would call, "Oh I say, little girl! you come here."

Josephine's first errand was to Dr. Pardee's office for some rhubarb.

* Hypocrite—A false front worn by women with gray, or scanty hair. A cap of white or black lace went with the hypocrite, and the cap was ornamented, I think, by ribbons of a color to suit the wearer. I believe the fashion was in vogue in the '40's. My knowledge of the hypocrite dates from 1885, when I had a neighbor, a Virginian born and reared, who wore one, also the cap. The hypocrite was a fine brown. Her own beautiful white hair shone through the black lace of the cap, making an incongruous whole. One day she took the hypocrite off forever, much to my delight and her own improvement in looks. My knowledge of hypocrites as worn in the '60's is second hand, but reliable, since it was from my mother.

"I'm trusting you with a dollar," said the old lady. "He'll charge twenty-five cents for what I want."

As Josephine did this errand satisfactorily no day passed that she did not do at least one. Oftener it was several. Meanwhile in Granny's yard a myriad tulips came into bloom. They were everywhere as if growing wild, and there was every color and combination of color, for Granny Ward's husband had been a gardener and flower lover, and had spared no trouble to fill his yard with his favorites. Grandma Dobard had a row of hyacinths, and some bunches of daffodils, but no tulips. No one in Ferndale had such tulips as Granny Ward. One day Jerusha Brierly, peeping through the high fence, said longingly, "I wish I had a few for mother and Aunt Fidelia. Her difficulty isn't any better."

"I'll ask Granny for some," said Josephine boldly. "I've been hankering for some myself."

"Better ask her after you've done one of her errands," counseled Jerusha. "She's—well, she's curious, but right after you've done something for her, she'd ought not to be as curious as she can be." Jerusha's home training forbade her to tell the plain truth of any old resident, if the plain truth was not flattering.

That very afternoon Josephine had her chance. Granny commissioned her to buy ten cents' worth of snuff at Peck's drug store. It must be "Scotch" and scented with vanilla, and of the best quality. Josephine did this errand quickly and well. Granny never praised, but she had ways of showing satisfaction. Not finding fault was one, and tapping with her cane was another. She tapped this time, and emboldened, Josephine said, "Please, Mrs. Ward, may I pick some tulips for myself and Jerusha Brierly?"

"Pick tulips!" shrilled the old lady. "Mercy to me! Pick my tulips! No. Certainly not. They aint to pick. They're to look at."

Josephine turned away red hot with anger. Perhaps white hot would be the better word, for she longed to rush at the old lady and beat her.

"I'm not surprised," said Jerusha, who was waiting outside, well out of sight. "I never knew her to give any. But I thought you being new so, she might. She's always been odd since I remember. Mother says Grandpa Ward's death changed her, and that she is a poor old soul, and to be pitied."

"She needn't be pitied if she does not want to be," replied Josephine grimly. "Folks'd like her if she'd let 'em. I would."

"I s'pose she can't help being herself," said gentle Jerusha, who, as the oldest of three, had learned to think about the differences yawning between even sisters. "It seems to me you have to take yourself inside, as you are, just as you have to get along with yourself outside. If I could choose, I'd have golden hair and blue eyes like Flo Leet."

That evening Josephine did something she has wondered at ever since. When it was growing dusk, she slipped out of the big front door, and down the street to Granny Ward's gate, which opened for her without even one complaining creak. It was quite dark under the shrubs and bushes, but her keen young eyes could single out the tulips, which she picked with furious haste as long as she could see one. Then she ran home, crept upstairs, and was studying her lessons when Daphne came in to put her to bed. She would write about what she had done to "the fathers," she decided, and she would never do another errand for Granny Ward. What she would do on the morrow was put out of her thoughts by Daphne's complaints of Ferndale.

"La, chile, they talks to me an' papa's if we'd ought o' be mighty grateful tur be free. I tells 'em I allus have been free. But I onct had white folks b'langed to me, just as I

b'langed to them. Now,—o' cose I b'langs to you, Honey Bug, but not jes' th' same."

"You do too!" contradicted Josephine, flinging her thin arms about her nurse. "You'll always belong to me."

Morning and Ann Mary put the tulip-picking in a new light. Grandma had just come in when Ann Mary brought the coffee. "What do you think happened to old Granny Ward's last night?" began the old servant. "My, but th' old lady's sent for Elder Vandercook to pray with her, and Lawyer Pratt to fix her will. Ye see about every last tulip in her yard's been broken off. They say th' place is full of 'em. An' she thinks it a sign she's about to die."

"Some evil-disposed person did it, I suppose," said Grandma wrathfully. "But I didn't think Ferndale held anyone who'd try to spite Granny Ward."

Josephine made herself small behind her dish of porridge. Punishing an old, old lady for refusing her tulips seemed different at breakfast.

"It was Captain Ward himself laid out th' yard," replied Ann Mary, "an' well I remembers how proud she was, an' givin' flowers right an' left when they came. Aye, all different from now. Ever since he dropped dead, she's been touched in th' head. He was

brought home to her, poor soul, just when th' tulips were a-blowin'. Hokum, her grandson, the candy man, he says he hopes them as did th' mischief'll be soundly punished. He sleeps there now. She don't know it. But he does."

Not even to the discreet Virginia Carter did Josephine whisper of her doings in Granny's yard. Memory of her act made her feel disgraced and ashamed, and after a really dreadful week, she was humbly thankful when the old lady tottered out on her quaking veranda, and with much cane pounding ordered her to again buy Scotch snuff. "The fathers," Josephine decided, had quite enough worries without reading about her mad fit, and how she tried to revenge herself. But she wrote in the red-covered diary her father had given her the day before he was called to Washington, the following:—

"Hereafter I'm going to try not to become angry. And if I do, I am going to try not to do the things that seem right when the anger fit is on. You don't see things as they are, and you may do things you would give worlds to undo, but cannot, and are afraid to tell of. I shall never be a saint. I shall do well to behave well enough not to be talked about. I mean talked about ugly."

CHAPTER XII

NEW FRIENDS

DURING the long summer vacation, Grandma Dobard contrived to keep Josephine too busy to be lonesome. Every morning there was sewing, embroidery, and piano practice. Afternoons when Grandma retired to her own room for a nap, and a very deliberate toilet, Josephine was free to read any of the books with which the house abounded, or to play with her dolls beneath the weigeliass or the larches. Sometimes she was allowed to spend an hour or two with Bina Forrest, who had been sent from her home in Georgia to her mother's cousins, Mrs. Polluck Jones and Miss Vredder, to be cared for and educated until the war was over. Sometimes she went to see Flo Leet, who had all sorts of doll playthings and trinkets, but was oddly fussy, and always selfish.

The Brierlys industriously painted sugar dolls, sugar apples, and sugar cats, dogs and birds. They also worked in their garden, and often went berrying and fishing, activities Josephine was forbidden to share after returning

blotched and stung from one. In vain she attempted argument with Grandma. "You may go to another field, or to another place on Fay creek," the old lady would reply, "but you'll find the same bugs." Elderly, prim and watchful, Mrs. Leet was always present when she visited Flo. With Bina she was often alone, a fact Bina took advantage of to pour out her hopes and dreams for her own future, which she was sure would be brilliant. "Don't you ever think of what you may be?" she once demanded impatiently of Josephine, who had never responded to these confidences.

"Sometimes," Josephine's cheeks flushed, "but not often. What I'll be, I've always been told, will depend upon what I do going along, and going along is wonderful interesting."

"You're just a child," declared Bina.

"I'll outgrow it," replied Josephine, laughing.

Without asking permission she went to see Dr. Vandercook, who brought out all his store of reading and fancies for her entertainment and instruction. Incidentally, he helped her conquer the few English words her tongue had thus far found impossible, and she no longer said, "nemassary, wingewer, and coocumbah." She also became intimate with Mrs. Vandercook, who talked to her quite as if she were

seventy instead of "going on eleven." "You'd think husband'd be ready to go after our wandering life," the old lady complained, "but he'd rather stay home than to visit Queen Victory. I can't drive him to visit the children even. To be sure Lucy's husband is dreadful instructive, and Will-yum's wife gits on my nerves she's that anxious to be in style, but your children *are* your children. Th' only time I got husband started, the cats died while we were gone. Since then whenever I talk about a little jaunt, he begins, 'But there are th' cats!' I'll admit Orlando's tryin', an' Lily's wearin', an' I don't wonder husband says both on 'em's busy with 'bug-dust,' but I'd like to visit Lucy an' Will-yum just th' same, 'stead o' allus makin' 'em come to see me. But husband says Miggsville, where Orlando's professor o' mental science in th' college, 's not nigh so pretty a town as Ferndale, and that East Rome aint to be spoke of in th' same day, if Will-yum's father-in-law *is* president of th' village, an' he says folks is turrible alike everywhere."

"They are," asserted Josephine. "Anyway Portland and Ferndale folks are like."

"My suzzy!" exclaimed the old lady in astonishment.

With stories from Homer and Euripides and mediæval history, the Doctor mingled

tales of his own adventures helping runaway slaves. One recital was very exciting. He still bore scars of it upon his fine old head, for after helping a young black man to reach Canada, he had been set upon and beaten into unconsciousness by the baffled trackers.

"I reckon you went all around th' South, so you know just how the white folks treated their black ones," said Josephine thoughtfully, when she first heard the story. "It s'prises me. Uncle Cupid and Aunt Daphne never told me it was like that at Grandma Pavageau's."

"No." The Doctor gave her a quick look. "I was never south o' Painted Post. I've no doubt some masters were kind, but I've felt certain that when black folks took the chances of running away, I was in duty bound to help 'em."

Another of Josephine's elderly friends was Dr. Pardee. It may have been the familiar odor of drugs. It may have been the twinkle of his shrewd gray eyes. It is certain that one golden afternoon, longing for she knew not what, she walked in upon him quite as if it were customary for little girls to visit old doctors, when not compelled. He was sitting in his waiting-room reading the "Medical Record" when the slight sound she made entering caused him to glance up.

"Ah!" He smiled at her kindly over his spectacles. "Ah! Who's sick?"

"No one at our house. I just came in to see you."

"Thank you, my dear." He sprang up and offered her a chair, a low one considerably provided for young patients. "It's great fun having someone come in who does not want me to give her a powder or pill, and to examine her tongue and feel her pulse."

"My papa Dobard's a doctor."

Dr. Pardee nodded.

"And with both my fathers gone to the war, and no school, sometimes Virginia and I get dull," explained Josephine.

Again the doctor nodded, and he did it in a way that showed he understood exactly how a little girl feels when she is lonely.

"When there's someone to talk to you, you do not always talk," continued Josephine. "But if there's no one, you get th' fidgets thinking of things you'd like to ask about, and then, there's things you'd like to say. That is, you do when you are only ten going on eleven."

"Grown-ups are the same way," assured the doctor. "It's just our human contrariness."

"Dr. Vandercook said most that last week. I miss 'em, him especially. But just now they drive out to camp-meeting every day."

"So you know that old nigger-lover?" The doctor's tone was sharp and tart.

"I don't think he loves 'em," said Josephine thoughtfully. "He wouldn't let Mammy Daphne cook for him when Mrs. Vandercook had a swollen hand. He spoke like the black would rub off into the victuals. But he thinks they should do as they like, and he is good. He gives you a good opinion of God."

The doctor made an odd sound in his throat, but said nothing, and after a moment Josephine continued, "He never calls black folks 'niggers' either, any more than my fathers, and he says you are a wonderful physician."

"Yaw!" snorted the doctor, rubbing his bristling jaws.

"I like him better than the minister at Grandma's church. He's always telling us how angry God is with us."

"The good God no doubt has reason," said the doctor very gently.

Josephine also made friends with Jefferson Hokum, Granny Ward's grandson, who kept the candy store which she had described to "the fathers" as "'round two corners." He would have been one of the first to volunteer in response to the President's first call, had he not been the sole support of his father, crippled

with rheumatism, and also the secret guardian of his mother's mother, Granny Ward, who, despite her more than eighty years, insisted upon living alone. Tall, with bright red curling hair, bright blue eyes, many freckles, and a delightful smile which disclosed two rows of big white teeth, Jefferson kept his candy kitchen as neat as soap, sand and water could make it. All his candy was delicious, but there was a certain pale yellow compound flavored with vanilla, which was one of his own inventions, that Josephine found most fascinating. It was this dainty that began their acquaintance.

"I'd like to marry a candy-maker," she said frankly when she had watched him stir the bubbling syrup. She had followed him into his workroom unmindful of the sign "No Admittance" over the door. "Of course it's fine being in the regular army like my fathers. But when there's a war it is easier to stay at home and make candy."

"I don't stay at home because I want an easy job," Jefferson replied, his face flushing while a deep line came between his brows. "I stay because of my duty."

"Well, candy-making is a sweet-smelling, clean business," observed Josephine, intent upon her own thoughts, and quite unconscious

of the wound she had given. "As I said afore, I'd like to marry a candy-man."

"P'raps I'd better wait for you to grow up," he said after a minute, during which his frown vanished in a smile.

"I wouldn't lose a good chance if I were you," cautioned Josephine. "I might change my mind."

Thereafter she came often, and as she never meddled, or brought another child with her, she was never kept out of the workroom. She would never accept the smallest gift of candy, and held herself in such a dignified way that Jefferson, who at first had addressed her as "Sis," soon called her "Miss Dobard," to her great secret satisfaction. It was he who argued her out of a burning desire to see a circus advertising two clowns. Grandma Dobard was willing Ann Mary should take Josephine to see the parade, and then to see the animals. But she was quite unwilling she should stay to the circus performance, which Flo Leet had assured her would be "simply great."

"It won't amount to a hill o' beans," declared Jefferson convincingly.

"How do you know?" demanded Josephine.

"I've seen Van Humbum's 'Biggest Show on Earth,' an' that's th' best going, an' that's flat as stale beer."

"But I want to find things out for myself," Josephine persisted.

"Well, th' Lord have mercy on ye, if you keep on o' that mind," said Jefferson feelingly. "As for this Sam Todd's Combination, if I had a little sister, I wouldn't take her to see it. An' what's more if I thought it good for anything I'd take you myself an' risk having your grandma bite my head off."

"You would?" exclaimed Josephine.

"Yes, I would. It's not a suitable place for you, Miss Dobard."

Feeling herself set apart to finer and higher rules of conduct than she had chosen for herself, Josephine flushed, and was silent, and not once thereafter did she ask to go to a circus, but took what Grandma Dobard permitted.

CHAPTER XIII

DR. PARDEE'S SKELETON

WHEN the sunshine peered into Josephine's bedroom, which it did directly it came over the edge of the sky, it saw garlands of pink roses swinging on gleaming white satin. Of course it was only paper, but that was the way the walls appeared. Curtains of embroidered white muslin hung at the long windows, and were looped back on brass holders that shone like gold. There was a thick pink, white, green and brown carpet on the floor, and the rosewood bedstead was what is now known as "the Napoleon pattern," but Grandma called it "a sofa bed." There was a small rocker, and a set of carved shelves in one corner, of the same beautiful wood. An easy chair with wings at the side was upholstered in pink, white and green silk, and the cover of the small piano was embroidered in pink, white and green. The corner bookshelves Ann Mary called a "whatnot." A stout godlet in dull bronze sat on the top shelf. He was, in fact, a valuable curio from China. Below him were books, an odd collection ranging from

Mrs. Sigourney's poems to Plutarch, and a finely illustrated edition of Horace. A rare translation from a mediæval French history of the lives of the saints had suggested to Josephine that she too might be a saint. Full of the perfume of roses pressed within its pages by long-vanished, profaning hands, it was to her an entrancing book of which she never tired, and as the days ran by and convinced her she could never become a great saint, it yet inspired her with a hope to become a useful small one, and though she admitted to Virginia Carter that trying to be a saint was "plain hard work," the effort made her more self-restrained, more prompt, more kind. After reading one of the strange old stories, Grandma's little scoldings did not seem unreasonable, and even piano practice was easier.

Madame Dardenne had taught her pupils that music is first of all an affair of the mind. Prof. Schimilfinig, Josephine's new teacher, talked always of the fingers, and as he was a graduate of Leipsic, and an artist, he must be obeyed. "First and always one must strive to make the hand the servant of one's will," he would declare. Then he would give a lesson all scales or five-finger exercises to be played in every possible way, and every possible touch. Fortunately the small grand piano in Joseph-

ine's bedroom did not disturb Grandma, and though it had been Josephine's grandmother's, tuning made it sound musically, and one could practise as well upon its mother-of-pearl keys as upon the ivory of the grand square piano in the long parlor which was next Grandma's bedroom.

The young Aunt Helen, who had died at eighteen, was often in Josephine's thoughts. She was always ready to go with Ann Mary to place flowers upon her narrow grave. Grandma went twice a year; the May day her child was born, and the November day she died. That she was the own mother of this vanished aunt, drew Josephine nearer to Grandma.

"I'd enjoy having aunts," Josephine confided to Ann Mary on one of the many cemetery visits. "My two mammas had only brothers."

"Your Aunt Helen'd have been on'y your half aunt," explained matter-of-fact Ann Mary.

"Well, I could think of the real half, couldn't I?" protested Josephine.

"Yes, darlint, an' you'd 'a' got on wid Miss Helen grand," admitted Ann Mary. "She was sweet as grass pinks. She was that. Sweet to look at, an' wid such a way! An' dead most twinty year! 'Twas heart-scaldin' sorrow for

Herself, I c'n tell ye. She's niver been th' same since. Ye'd have got on fine wid Miss Helen, though to be sure you've not been raised up like she wid th' bist av' everything at hand, an' in this world it's what ye *are*, an' not *how* ye come so, folks thinks on."

"Ann Mary, I've had nice mothers an' fathers," protested Josephine, much aggrieved. "If anything's wrong with me, it's just me myself."

"It's that away wid all of us," said Ann Mary comfortably, "but wid tryin', an' God's blessin' I'm sure you'll turn out a credit to Herself an' all belangin' to ye."

By Herself, Ann Mary always meant Grandma.

As her lessons were always well prepared and her home was near, Josephine was often excused to study at home, after a few weeks. But when it rained she usually remained the half hour before noon, and so heard the physiology class recite while waiting the arrival of Hiram Berry with an umbrella. Hiram had taken Abel Ladd's place and duties.

As taught by Miss Sadwell, physiology seemed difficult. Especially was it difficult to draw the framework of the human body on the blackboard. Josephine had often amused herself drawing the picture of "Corporal

Murphy" for her papa Doctor, and she was quite sure she could make a fairly good sketch of a skeleton with her eyes shut. Of all Miss Sadwell's class, Della Laprade was the most helpless. Clever Flo Leet was a close second, and Josephine watched the two with growing irritation when for three consecutive days rain came almost unheralded and kept her in school. For Josephine, Della had the charm of the forbidden and unfortunate. She was gifted in some ways and very dull in others. She was disdained because of a father she had no part in choosing, but spite of her yellow skin, she was beautiful, and in her dullness she was so meek she was disarming. It was perhaps this quality that stirred Josephine into secretly taking her part and wishing she could help her, though she had obeyed Grandma's command and held herself aloof. It was this feeling that made her wriggle irritably as she watched Della slowly and clumsily trying to draw the bones of the hand from a picture in Cutter's physiology. Suddenly the rain ceased and the sun shone out. Perhaps the brightness caused an idea to pop into Josephine's head and sent her skipping up the street.

A neat brick building, Dr. Pardee's office stood flush with the street on the corner of his spacious lawn. A complex bouquet of smells

floated out of the door, as of a mingling of aloes, senna, camphor, rhubarb, ether and the like, though the place was always delicately clean and orderly. Off the white pharmacy was a large closet in which along with other matters was a neatly-wired skeleton hanging placidly on a stout hook. His name, the doctor had told Josephine, was Captain Kidd. Though he was not the historic Captain Kidd, he had "sailed." But he had sailed the canal, and might have lived longer and been more useful, had he not visited too many canal groceries on his travels.

Save for Nicodemus, the black cat that lived in the barn, and who had come for his noon meat, and a blue bottle fly buzzing down the south window on his back, the office was empty. Calling and receiving no response, Josephine opened the closet and drew aside Captain Kidd's veiling curtain. With him to look at she was sure even Della Laprade could draw the bones of the hand. To her he was just bones, and bad bones at that. It did not occur to her there was anything intimate or private about him, and she was confident Dr. Pardee would lend him. To climb up and unhook him carefully was the work of a moment. Once down he proved somewhat difficult to manage, but at last she had him in her

arms and started for Miss Sadwell's at a brisk pace. Ferndale was not accustomed to seeing slim young misses carrying skeletons. Gideon, the mongrel mastiff at the Peter Biles place, growled, then barked at the top of his lungs, while the young Cliff terrier took the low fence at a leap, and yapped at Josephine's heels. The town "Emp'tins Man," jogging by and ringing a small bell, brought his lean horse to a halt in wonder, ejaculating, "I jinks!" then struck him a smart blow that he might get to the post-office in time to tell what he had seen while the quarter of twelve mail was being distributed.

Josephine intended asking permission to hang "the Captain" on the hook high up on the door of the large schoolroom. The class could easily from that vantage point see the beautiful arrangement of bones by which they walked and the delicate wonder of the hand. But our best-meant efforts often bring disappointment or worse. When Josephine after slow toil arrived at the door, the roomful of girls seemed to spring up and shriek simultaneously, while Miss Sadwell, rising nimbly, interposed her square body before Josephine and her burden.

"What does this mean?" she demanded sternly, and tapping Captain Kidd's skull with

a slim, disapproving forefinger. "And what do you mean by this conduct?"

"I thought they'd understand their bones if they could look him over," faltered Josephine. "I learned mine that way on Corporal Murphy."

"I'm astonished!" exclaimed Miss Sadwell, who did not understand Josephine. "Yes, very *much* astonished. To whom does this—er—specimen belong?"

"Dr. Pardee."

"And did he give you permission to bring it here?"

"He wasn't in, but—"

"Take it back instantly and put it where you found it. I am really very much astonished at you, Josephine. I must have a conversation with you after school."

CHAPTER XIV

THE UNEXPECTED CONSEQUENCES

THE habit of obedience was strong in Josephine. She turned, but as she was very angry, she went slowly. She wanted to throw Captain Kidd down the stairs, for somehow he seemed the cause of her punishment. The public reprimand and the order to stay after school meant marks, any number, Josephine did not dare to think how many. And Miss Sadwell had said she was "astonished" when Della Laprade had to admit she had herself written the excuse signed by her grandmother's name, and which said she was detained at home by illness when she had run away and spent the time over the river in Granby. Miss Sadwell had been "astonished" when Jennie Kemp copied her composition from an old number of "The Ladies' Repository," and she had also been "astonished" when one of the big girls had been discovered in using a "pony," and reading its translation of Virgil instead of laboriously digging out the English equivalent for the Latin herself.

"Astonishment" should be kept for really

wrong things, Josephine felt bitterly. She had meant only to assist. Of course the Cliff terrier again met her with excited yaps, and the Biles mastiff ran along inside the fence rumbling his disapproval. A part of the walk was of boards set crossway. The tread of many feet for many years had worn them. The sun, rain and snow had warped them. Just as they gave place to a pavement of irregular stones, round which grew tufts of grass, one of Josephine's new copper-toed shoes caught in a wide crack, and she fell upon the Captain, doing him some damage and bruising one of her own knees. One of the Captain's bones struck her upper lip, making it bleed, and her right elbow, with which she had tried to protect him, twinged with needle-like pains. She was more and more angry and quite forgot about becoming a saint. Indeed she lay quite still, giving herself up to bitter thoughts and her aches, and wondering what she could do to let the whole world know how badly she had been treated, when she suddenly felt herself lifted up by gentle hands, and opening her eyes saw the kind, dark old face of the doctor bending over her with tenderest solicitude, though in his gray eyes there was laughter.

"I'll never again 'stonish Miss Sadwell," she wailed, "an' I didn't think as how I might

spoil him. I learned my bones from th' Corporal. Papa taught me all about them, and I thought the slow ones would see if they had a really truly skeling-ton afore 'em."

"Just so," assented the doctor. "That's reasonable, and it was kind of you to go after the Captain."

"But you didn't say I might. I meddled with him," sobbed Josephine, a great regret sweeping away her anger. "I'm afraid I've broken him."

"Well, never mind if you have. Let's see about you first," said the doctor, who had noted the blood on Josephine's lips.

"I deserve to be hurt, I s'pose," said Josephine, who still held fast to the Captain with her right arm, while she reached up with her left and clasped the doctor's neck, and thrust her nose into his satin stock, while she added, sobbing, "but the marks! They'll hurt th' fathers! They 'spected lots o' me, th' fathers did, an' with them in th' war, they'd ought to have their 'spectins."

"You come with me." The doctor set Josephine upon her feet, and took hold of the Captain. "I believe all this can be straightened out. But first things first, and the first thing is to attend to your cut lip."

It was not many steps to the office. In less

time than it can be told the scratch made by the Captain's bones upon Josephine's lip was carefully bathed, and drawn together with fine adhesive plaster. Then the Captain was hung up on his own nail, and the door shut upon him. While he busied himself, the doctor said kindly, "Generally, people not doctors like to be told when they are to see a skeleton. They seem to find them disagreeable when they come in unexpected."

"But they are interustin'," argued Josephine, "that is, if you are studying about them, and they *are* real."

"Well, folks are not accustomed to see them."

"No."

"I think if you'd spoken to Miss Sadwell about it I might have brought the Captain, or the young ladies might have come here. They would not have minded him here," and the doctor wrinkled up his nose in a noiseless laugh.

"No. He fits in," assented Josephine. "But they needn't 'a' screamed if they weren't pleased. I guess Della fainted. It was dreadful. And Miss Sadwell was awful. She said, 'I'm 'stonished!' She says that when some girl has done something really wrong. And she reproved me. That's ten, and after school will be as many more."

"My dear, I'll see Miss Sadwell, who is a wise and good woman. I think when she knows what friends we are, she'll understand your borrowing the Captain. Meanwhile tell me if you are friends with Bina Forrest."

"Yes,—that is, she's friends with me," explained Josephine, digging at her eyes with her handkerchief.

"Well, try to be friends with her. Her father was my cousin. Her uncles, all her close kin, are in the Confederate army."

"She's rather hard to like," said Josephine descriptively as one says, "It rains." "And her people being Rebs is no reason for being friends with her."

"No," admitted the doctor, "but in what way is she difficult to like?"

"She's forever bragging of her Southland, as if it were nicer'n anywhere. My own mamma was from the South, but—I get angry listening, and want to begin about my Westland, where I've been. I feel as if I'd bust with braggings sometimes when she's going on."

"The South's her home. She's here only for safety and to go to school—"

"Well, if I were in a place to be safe, I'd be polite to it while I stayed. And the Westland was *my* home."

"True, but the East is not fighting the West. The North is fighting the South, and she is lonely."

"And I'm lonely for th' great river, and th' mountains, and mamma Worden, and th' fathers. She talks as if there wasn't anyone but her."

"I believe you *are* lonely, dear child." The doctor pressed Josephine's slim hands in his. "But be friends with Bina for my sake. I'll see Miss Sadwell. It'll never do for you to have marks because of Captain Kidd."

"If I ought to have 'em, I'll take 'em," declared Josephine. "Th' fathers wouldn't want me begged off, or dodging."

"I will just state the case to Miss Sadwell, and she will do as she thinks right," said the doctor, and just then the noon bells and whistles sounded.

After four o'clock dismissal Josephine remained in her seat. When they were alone Miss Sadwell said gravely, "Dr. Pardee has been to see me, and I understand how you felt free to do as you did. At the same time you should not have touched the skeleton without his permission, nor brought it here without mine."

Josephine was silent and Miss Sadwell continued, "Had your own dear grandmother

lived, you might have understood things you have not yet been taught—”

“My now grandma does the best she can,” interposed Josephine warmly. “She’s not to blame for what I do.”

“Of course not. But your own grandma was wise in all the small affairs of conduct. She was one of the most beautiful women I have ever known.”

When she called a person “beautiful” Miss Sadwell meant far more than looks, she meant conduct, and attitude toward life and the world. But Josephine did not know that.

“Ann Mary says she can remember when my now grandma was called the handsomest lady in the county,” she said loyally. “Me, I think her handsome now, spite of her hypocrite, and cap, and earrings.”

“Dear child!” exclaimed Miss Sadwell. “You dear, dear child. She *is* handsome in spite of the hypocrite. But your own grandmother had a beautiful way of meeting the world. The best wish I can make for you is that you may grow up to be like her.”

“I’ll try,” Josephine had risen, feeling herself dismissed. “Ann Mary says I’m only a little like the Dobards. But if you please, Miss Sadwell, I think my now grandma thinks I think her real, and not step. Please

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don't tell her I know. You see,—she's all I've got, and I'm all she's got."

A flush came into Miss Sadwell's waxen cheeks. "Did I tell you?" she cried.

"Oh, no. Lots of others have," replied Josephine easily. "I don't know why. And I don't want her to know."

Miss Sadwell came close to Josephine and put a hand on each small shoulder, while her keen dark eyes seemed to glow behind the tears filling them. "I believe my wish is to be fulfilled," she said slowly, and then, to Josephine's bewilderment, she who never kissed anyone, kissed her pupil on both cheeks.

CHAPTER XV

VOLUNTEERS AND OTHERS

FOR a time it looked as if Ferndale would escape a draft. A monster meeting was held in the park. The venerable Gerret Smith came from Peterborough and made an eloquent speech. The Hutchinsons, three brothers and a sister, came and sang, and so much enthusiasm was stirred up that many names went down on the roster. Grandma Dobard, like all the old residents, kept open house on that notable day, and also sent great pans of baked beans, hams, loaves of bread and jars of pickles to set forth on the long tables arranged under the park trees, and free to all visitors. But despite this effort, the number was not full, and even as Josephine was carrying Captain Kidd to Miss Sadwell's school, news that a draft had been ordered was going up and down the streets, over fences, and across lots, paling faces, and making hearts beat.

After the departure of Abel Ladd, his place was soon taken by a distant relative of Mrs. Saunders, Hiram Berry by name, a flat-faced, pimply young fellow who, hating his father's

farm, had come to town to find work he would have described as "genteel." For lack of something better he condescended to help Saunders. Being no kin of the Dobards he took his meals with Saunders and his wife, and slept, as had Abel, in the barn. This he resented, and was prone to assert to anyone who would listen to him, "that he was good as anybody."

The draft excited him. He said it was "high-handed tyranny." "'F a man *wants* to be a soldier, I'm willin'," he said to Josephine. "But I object to bein' took by th' hair o' th' head, an' driv'. Horace Greeley said, 'Let the wayward sisters depart in peace.' I say so, too. Let 'em depart, niggers an' all, an' good riddance!"

"Let who depart?" demanded Josephine, frowning.

"Why, th' Southern states. With two gov'ments there'd be more offices. It'd be a good thing."

"A body'd think you're scared o' th' draft," sneered Saunders, who had overheard the talk. "Ye'd nuf sight better volunteer. Ye'd get a big bounty, an' could set up a shop when ye got back. Draft's a-goin' to cut close. This township haint such a turrible sight o' men 't's available no more."

Sweat broke out on Hiram's flat face. The Adam's apple in his lean neck moved up and down like the valves in a pump. "Ef I'd wanted to volunteer I'd 'a' done it afore now," he growled. "An' I aint goin' to be drafted neither, ef I know it."

"I guess you will be, ef your name's took out th' box," nagged Saunders. "Can't monkey with th' United States."

"It'd be jus' my luck." Hiram grew pallid under the sweat. "I've always took things, some on 'em twice, an' th' colts all threw me, that'd be like lambs under my brother Sam."

Terrible news had drifted up from the South all summer. Battle followed battle, and a discouraging number of victories were claimed by the Confederates. Ferndale hummed like a hive. Old linen, even treasured heirlooms, hand-woven sheets and table-cloths were scraped into lint. No one with a scrap of patriotism ate a blackberry. All were carefully gleaned and brewed into cordial for the Sanitary Commission. Every week or two some great church bell would toll the age of a Ferndale soldier mustered out by death. The old custom, long set aside, was revived for the nation's heroes. Zekle Althouse, limping from a wound received at Vera Cruz, did the drumming on these occasions, and Simon Dodson,

Della's granduncle, also a Mexican war veteran, blew the bugle. Saunders, who thought organs sinful in church and always "roary," and who never missed a chance to denounce the war, always hurried to the corner to see as well as hear these two perform "The Dead March." He admitted to Josephine, who, when possible, always went with him, that the music "shook something deep in him, and brought creeps to his back." Before the hearse was always carried the beautiful silk flag given the village by Dr. Pardee when he was its president. For lack of a safe public place it was still kept in the large closet off the doctor's waiting-room. Some tart-minded gossip one day said, "Th' old doc' didn't seem to half like getting out that flag for soldiers' funerals" and directly the remark was quoted as fact, and flew about the streets like a burning wind, causing more than one of his old patients to call in the young doctor who drove about in a gig, and had put up a shining tin sign over the Hokum Candy Kitchen.

As the winter snailed along, the awfulness and uncertainty of the struggle weighed more and more upon the little town until it came to be like fire on tender flesh to hear any criticism of the North or the government. The anguished desire for peace was so intense that even

silence was resented. So the war-hating, sweet-natured old doctor was called, with bitter resentment, "a copperhead," and the same defiling name was given Caleb Shaw, who had inherited his politics as well as his pop eyes and grocery, and Zenas Peck, who had given his first vote to Fremont because he did not believe in permitting the extension of slavery, with many others. Even old Miss Vredder, though she could not vote, brought ill-will upon herself, by calling President Lincoln "a rail-splitter." Turning these matters over and over in her mind Josephine concluded that as she knew no young "copperheads" the insulting name was reserved for elderly or old people, and belonged among the sad burdens laid upon them, as dim sight, rheumatism, scant hair and the like. For this reason she became more and more attentive to the lonely doctor and never spoke of the war to him save when she read him extracts from the "fathers'" letters. At last came the terrible battle of Murfreesboro, and desolation was in more than one home of Ferndale. Old Peter Biles sat dry-eyed and silent when they told him his two sons, Major Hancock Biles and Lieutenant Wayne Biles, were dead, and his youngest and only remaining son was reported missing. It was not till he saw Washington Clay trying to make him-

self useful in some foolish way about the house, that he roused up. "Go away!" he shrieked. "If it were not for you worthless niggers, this horrible war never'd been. I wish you were all flung into the sea!"

"Oh, sir! Oh, Marse Biles, don't talk that-a-way! We's here," cried the frightened negro. "We aint brung ourselves. We aint to blame. We's human. You allays said we are, Marse Biles."

"Don't Marse Biles me!" growled the frenzied father. "Go and fight for your freedom, and prove you are fit to have it. Don't let me see you again. You and your like have cost me too dear."

Washington, his face curiously gray, hurried off. The next morning his sign and barber pole were gone, and he had vanished.

The President's emancipation proclamation had gone into effect, and a second draft was about to be made. It was Saturday morning, and Josephine had committed to memory her Sunday-school lesson, sewed what Grandma called "her stent," practised Czerny's five-finger exercises, counting every beat, and worked upon the "Variations on Home, Sweet Home" by Grobe, until she was tired. Grandma was in her bedroom sewing fresh ribbons upon her cap, just laundered. There

was still an hour before dinner. After a few moments' study of "The Lives of the Saints," Josephine slipped lightly down the heavily-carpeted front stairs and out upon the porch. The varnish Nature had in autumn carefully spread over the horse-chestnut buds glimmered in the bright March sunshine. The balm-o'-Gilead tree at the corner gave out a medicinal odor. Somewhere a brave robin fluted, and a jay answered derisively. The daffodils were thrusting up their green spears. Josephine went slowly to the gate enjoying everything, though there was an anxious pucker between her delicately-penciled brows, for letters from "the fathers" were overdue. From the gate she went slowly down to Dr. Pardee's office. He was seated, his back to the door, his silk hat on the back of his head, his nose in the pages of the "New York World."

"The country is going straight to perdition," he asserted when she had made him aware of her presence, and he had with unconscious courtesy removed his hat and given her a chair. "It is literally brother against brother, and sometimes son against father." He paced the floor a few seconds, his leathery face drawn with suffering, then he burst out huskily, "My boy, the only child I ever had, is down there

with Sheridan. My sister's boys are with Lee. They call *me* 'a copperhead'! A copperhead, little friend, is a snake that strikes without warning. And they call me that because I hate this war. God alone knows how I hate it! I'd give my life to stop it. More,—I'd suffer even as Jesus did, on the cross." Something in Josephine's intent look made him pause. Again he was the physician, forgetful of himself, anxious to care for and help others. "Forgive me, little one," he added in his usual quiet voice. "You cannot understand, and thank God you cannot!"

"But I do, more than you think," she protested. "There's my fathers. The war is in everything. I was to go to people of my own mamma's, and I cannot. Oh, Virginia and I understand."

Just then a woman came up the steps with a baby in her arms. The apple-round cheeks of the little one were flushed and mottled. The doctor rose with a smothered exclamation, and turning to Josephine said abruptly, "Run home."

CHAPTER XVI

HIRAM ESCAPES THE DRAFT

“**T**HERE’S half an hour before dinner, Virginia,” said Josephine, as she skipped along homeward. “Since Dr. Pardee’s afraid we’ll ketch things, we’ll go up in the woodshed chamber and find some more papers with that story of ‘Uncle Tom’s Cabin’ in them.”

The Dobard wood-shed chamber was a big, sunny room in which was what Grandma called “The Wanderer’s Bed,” because at intervals she had permitted some unfortunate traveler who had begged lodging to occupy it. The day of the professional tramp was just dawning. The “wanderer” of the early sixties was usually a shiftless being looking for easy work, but still work. Beside the bed there were chests, and trunks, and broken furniture, and even an old bookcase full of papers and books, most of them French. A yawning pipe-hole cut years before to accommodate a laundry stove and long disused, let one see what was going on below, if he desired. Josephine had found the place one rainy afternoon when



A Ferndale soldier mustered out by death.

Grandma was napping, and had thereafter moused in the old bookcase to her own great content. There was La Fontaine's fables bound in calf, and Florian and Antoine Houdard De Lamotte each in red muslin, and all full of pictures. "Paul and Virginia" was in blue muslin, and the Journal of Eugénie de Guérin was in red morocco, while the poems of Béranger were in drab with much gilding. There was all of Chateaubriand in lemon-colored paper, much the worse for damp, and many others that later became the beginnings of the French section of Ferndale Public Library. There were English books, too, all improving, and piles of old magazines and papers, among the latter "The National Era," in which Josephine had found Mrs. Stowe's immortal story. She rummaged hastily for the paper which would tell her more about little Eva when a step sounded in the woodshed below. Glancing down the pipe-hole she saw it was Hiram. For a few minutes he split kindlings for Ann Mary's fire. Then he sat down on a great hickory knot and made a groaning noise that again attracted Josephine's attention. He had stretched out his left foot which was disfigured by a great bunion. With a sudden movement he caught up the ax, and the next moment dealt that unoffending foot a fearful blow. Josephine went

down the stairs and out into the street to Dr. Pardee's office with a swiftness that did her credit, while drawn by Hiram's shrill shriek of pain, Saunders, his wife, Ann Mary, and Grandma came hurrying to the woodshed. Old Dodson also came hurrying over.

"Mercy to me, you've hurt yourself, haint you!" exclaimed Mrs. Saunders, who, when excited, twittered like a sparrow. "I most cut th' end o' one o' my fingers off tryin' to split kindlin' once, when Mr. Saunders, he was settin' on a jury."

"Like enough ye got holt o' a piece o' slippery elm," put in old Dodson, who came forward with some authority. "Better let's see th' damage. 'Tisn't a good plan to squeeze sock an' shoe too hard into a cut, ef you're cut much, which it looks like," and he pointed at the red stain gathering about Hiram's hands pressed close about the injured foot.

"Wait till I get some linen," commanded Grandma. "And you, Saunders, get Dr. Pardee. Ann Mary, we'll need water and soft cloths."

"That's right," assented Dodson, pulling at his whiskers and looking speculatively at Hiram. "I s'pose your ax glanced," he began, looking curiously at the pile of kindling. "Beats all the sort o' stuff they'll send ye from

Bentham's. An' their coal's no better'n their wood. Last lot I got was half stun an' slate. With butter sixty cents a pound, an' taxes on everythin' but air, it looks like the last days can't be far off. If 'twan't we've been enjoyin' uncommon health since we give up anything that grows in th' ground, I'd be despondent."

"Hiram, he favors th' Fitches, that's his mother's folks," chirped Mrs. Saunders, who, as Hiram's relative, had come forward, and stood close beside him. "I'm on th' father's side. But th' Fitches are awful nice folks. 'Liakim Fitch, Hiram's uncle, raised a company, an' got his right leg shot off in one of the first battles of th' war, and—"

Just then Dr. Pardee arrived, and Grandma came with a roll of linen. Two minutes later Ann Mary said dinner was ready.

As Josephine went slowly homeward that afternoon, school over, Dr. Pardee called her into his office, and that they might not be interrupted made her step into the surgery.

"Now tell me all about it," he commanded when he had closed the door.

"I told you this morning. He chopped his foot."

"And he did it on purpose?"

Josephine was silent, and the doctor con-

tinued, "Of course I know he did it purposely, and not chopping kindling."

"If you are afraid, you cannot help it. You are just afraid," argued Josephine.

"You can prevent yourself doing base acts because you are afraid," declared the doctor.

"*You* could, and *perhaps* I,—but perhaps not Hiram."

"I suppose you know it's a bad business driving a rusty ax through a shoe and dirty sock between the great toe and the one next."

"Yes, sir."

"And I s'pose you know the draft is today."

Josephine was silent, and the doctor continued, "You may be right about Hiram. His mother is a very timid woman, and his father is a foolish, quick-tempered man that never should have the care of animals, because when they vex him he is cruel to them."

Again there was silence, broken only by the ticking of the old clock between the two windows. "I guess you are right to keep still, for talking will not put Hiram's foot back where it was before he struck it, nor even help make it whole."

"I'm glad I've been very lucky in fathers," observed Josephine thoughtfully. "You don't seem to have any choice."

Two weeks passed. Hiram's name was not

drawn from the fateful box. His foot and leg, despite all Dr. Pardee could do, became monstrous. Erysipelas had set in, and the ax had carried poison with it. If at first old Saunders made some biting remarks full of suspicion, Hiram's sufferings soon made him silent and kind. Mrs. Saunders lavished herself in service. "Kin are kin," she said, "and if kin don't stand by kin, who will? Anyway we're in this world to help each other, seems to me."

Delirium and then unconsciousness came at the close of the second week. Hiram's last conscious act was to confess the whole poor story to Dr. Vandercook, and it was the old minister who had charge of the funeral. He had climbed so far up the heights of life, that he not only had frequent glimpses of the glory beyond it, but he also saw deep into the causes of human weakness and mistakes, so he read the one hundred and third psalm, and with great tenderness dwelt upon the fourteenth verse, "He knoweth our frame, and remembereth we are dust." As for Ferndale in general it had too much upon its mind to give much attention to one poor chicken-hearted youth, who dared death to escape duty to his country.

CHAPTER XVII

HOW MADAME PANALLÉ TAUGHT FRENCH

MISS SADWELL used the four spacious rooms upstairs for her school, and usually the class in advanced French recited in the south room, while Josephine was reciting in mental arithmetic in the east room, but one day a carryall drawn by two fat bay horses brought a stout, middle-aged lady, a lean, middle-aged man, a fat old gentleman, a plump little girl of eight, a fat poodle, and a sleek old black man who sat on the high seat in front and drove, and deposited them at Miss Sadwell's front door. The stout old gentleman was Miss Sadwell's only living uncle, Noah Littlejohn by name, and the stout lady was his daughter, Mrs. Riggs, and the lean man was her husband, Mr. Augustus Riggs, and the little girl was their darling only child whom they expected to put in Miss Sadwell's school the next September.

Naturally Miss Sadwell was delighted to see these people, but they took up space, and for their benefit one of the schoolrooms became a bedroom, and the wide, pleasant lower

hall was used for recitations. But it was the custom of Miss Sadwell's odd brother, Philetus, to stroll through this hall at intervals, curiously sucking air through his teeth, and muttering to himself. And he did not refrain from these performances even before pupils. It was said he had injured his brain in the study of law. It is certain he was not quite right, for big and strong, he allowed his sister to support him, and busied himself reading newspapers, and going to the post-office, where he seemed always expecting to receive something important, though nothing ever came. So after several days of vexing interruptions, Madame Panallé insisted on hearing her class in advanced French in the east room, though the mental arithmetic went on at the same time.

It was a golden morning. All tasks seemed easy, and Josephine had her arithmetic lesson so well in hand, she could give some attention to Madame, and the History of Louis XIV. Madame's fair, freckled face, blue eyes and red hair were set out by a delaine gown of reddish purple in which at intervals bloomed life-size pink roses. About her neck was a wide collar of muslin that did credit to her skill in embroidery. A shell cameo brooch as large as a butter pat held it together. On her

head was a structure of reddish-purple ribbon which concealed the thinness of her hair on the crown, if it did not hide the fact that the neat coil at the back of her head was of a different tint from the bandeaux, standing out either side of her high-boned cheeks. Madame's hoop was large and caused her skirts to billow about. All these matters Josephine noted with keen interest. She also observed Madame's long, big-knuckled hands, the fingers all nearly the same length, and flat at the ends. Another pair exactly like them, though larger, had belonged to Sergeant McTavish, who had, too, Madame's features, and at thought of him a pang of homesickness and longing for vanished Post Klamas darted through her. After "the fathers" and the grizzled old Colonel, had come McTavish in her regard. Madame's voice was also the voice of McTavish, one octave higher.

"It is you, Mam'selle Brierly, who shall bee-gin," Madame commanded in English. "The place is chapter twenty-eight."

Jerusha rose, and resting most of her weight on her left foot, read a few sentences briskly.

"Stand correctly," Madame interrupted. "All of you nearly is upon one foot as a hen asleep. And how many times must one tell you, what by now you should know without

telling, that in the so charming French language 't' final is silent save in a very few instances, while 'c' final is always sounded, save when preceded by 'n.' Attendez (pay attention)" she made a sweeping gesture, then resumed in exactly the same tone, "Miss Tilly Williams, it is two demerits to chew the gum in school. You shall put your quid in the stove."

The sound of Miss Tilly's gaiters crossing the floor, and the opening and closing of the door of the red-nosed little stove, mingled with Della Laprade's answer to the question, "eight-ninths of twenty-seven are how many times one-fourth of twenty-four." Then Madame resumed: "I myself will read these sentences as they should be read." She shook a long and rather gouty forefinger at the girls before her, and began reading with a fine Scotch accent Voltaire's limpid sentences, and interspersed with the readings were reprimands. I translate the French. "'Louis XIV dévorait sa douleur en public. Il sa laissa voir à l'ordinaire.'" (Louis XIV controlled his grief in public. He showed himself as usual.) "Think shame to yourself to whisper, Louisa Cliff. I give you two demerits. 'Mais en secret les ressentiments de tant de malheurs le pénétraient, et lui donnaient des convulsions.'" (But in secret the

pangs of so many misfortunes pierced him, and made him suffer.) “Mam’selle Jones, your elbows remove from your desk. ‘Il éprouvait toutes ces pertes domestique à la suite d’une guerre malheureuse, avant qu’il fut assuré fût.’ ” (In the course of an unhappy war he endured all these domestic losses before he could be assured of)—“Fidelia Maria Brierly, buzzing with the lips is quite unnecessary in study. Me,—I was not permitted to move the lips, let alone to buzz,—‘de la paix et dans un temps ou misère désolait le royaume. On ne le vit pas succomber’ ” (of peace, and in a time when misery desolated the kingdom. He was never seen to give way.) Just at this moment a large brown spider ranging about the tall book-case at Madame’s side, swung off into space and dropping upon her headdress, sprang from thence upon her book. Spiders Madame abhorred. Bouncing up, her book fell from her hand as she shrieked, “P’sarve us!”

Josephine, who had been watching her as if spellbound since recalling the long, big-knuckled hands of Sergeant McTavish, dropped back in her seat with an audible chuckle. The sound, though not loud, did not escape Madame, upset as she was.

“But Miss Dobard, a spider is a very wicked animal!” she exclaimed in French.

(Mais, Mademoiselle Dobard, un arraignee est un tres vilain animal.)

"Pardonnez moi, mais la arraignee est feminin" (Pardon, but 'spider' is feminine), replied Josephine, to whom French was almost as well known as English, and with perfect politeness, unconscious that to correct the gender of Madame's nouns was indiscreet, if not indecorous. A mistake is a mistake, no matter who makes it, she would have reasoned, and if there are but two genders in French, why one must accept the fact.

"Thank you, Mademoiselle," replied Madame in French, her heart beating fast with dread and vexation. She did not know that her class had not understood Josephine's low-toned correction, since their ears had no such knowledge of the language as their eyes. Thereafter Josephine's attention was fixed upon Madame more closely than ever. To be sure, McTavish had a face like sole leather, but his nose and chin were duplicates of Madame's. He held his head like hers, that is like a turkey that has spread his tail and curves his neck to excite admiration. His voice, too, had odd cadences, and it would have been just like him, were he teaching, to mix up instruction and scoldings, as Madame had passed from Voltaire's eulogies upon the great

French king to remarks upon the manners of her class and the students studying near her.

At the noon hour, as the pupils filed out, Madame laid a detaining hand upon Josephine's arm. "Wait," she commanded. Josephine stood expectant, and when they were quite alone, Madame said harshly, "What for you so stare at me all the chance you have, and why so smile?"

"I did not know I smiled," said Josephine. "If I did it was because—because—"

"Voilà! Because why?"

"Because of Sergeant McTavish."

"Eh—now!" Madame's tone became extremely Scotch, and her lips quite white. "Really— And where did you meet this Sergeant McTavish?"

"At Post Klamas. His name was Angus, and he was a brave, good man."

"Aye,—was he? And that was far away on the Pacey-fic! It was myself knew folk o' that name in Montreal. Of coorse 'twas in th' days o' my youth. An' did this Angus come East wid ye?"

"Not with us. I think I heard my papa Doctor say some of the men were ordered East. They could not all come because of the Indians."

"Mmmmmmah!" murmured Madame

wearily and half rose, then sat down again and resumed her most French manner. "Listen, Mam'selle. When one older, as for example I, makes a slip of th' tongue before one younger, as for example you, and the two are not alone, but with others, as for example a class, it is impolite for the younger one to correct that slip."

Josephine remained silent. The clock ticked loudly, perhaps by intention to warn all hearing it that the noon hour was passing. Madame gathered up her book, and the quaint little leather-covered box she called her reticule. "It is well to be correct," she added gently, "but to correct others,—that is different, and not always courteous. My friend, it may sound strange, but I think it even a misfortune, to acquire the habit of setting people right."

CHAPTER XVIII

THE PROCESSION WITHOUT THE FLAG

“MY dear young ladies, my niece insists that I myself make a little explanation of my motives in offering four prizes to this school for the next decade.” Mr. Noah Littlejohn nervously mopped his big, round face with a red and yellow silk handkerchief, coughed, and then thrust his hands into his pockets. “My niece was at first opposed to my offering these prizes. She said you should work your best because of the preciousness of knowledge. You should. But—we all work for prizes of some sort. I have worked my big farm, first to support my family, second to be known as one of the best farmers in the county. Now you are working perhaps first to acquire knowledge, and to learn to use your minds but you are also working to please your parents, to win the prize of their satisfaction, and the prizes I offer will, I hope, be still another inducement to make you apply yourselves to your studies. The first two prizes are for excellence in composition. For most of us a very small list of words does duty. This is a

pity, for the English language has words for every shade of feeling and thought, and to be able to express one's ideas with precision and ease is an accomplishment a queen might well be eager to acquire. The second prizes are for proficiency in mathematics, and I offer them because a practical knowledge of mathematics is essential to everyone's peace of mind. I have known men who earn, say three dollars a day, who have a hazy notion they will come out all right at the end of the year if every now and then they spend five dollars a day. I have known men who, earning five dollars a day, felt poor if they spent at the rate of one dollar a day. Young ladies, the time is not far away, when you may be responsible for homes. You are quite old enough to begin thinking of what it costs to feed, clothe and house you. You are old enough to realize that what you need is one thing, and what you may desire, quite another. You are old enough to study proportion in spending. Some people are always sadly one-sided in spending money. Too much goes for furniture with one, another spends too much on clothes, or amusements. As the way one speaks reveals how he was brought up and trained at home, and in school, so the way he spends his money reveals character." Just then Mr. Littlejohn paused to

take breath, and not thinking of anything more to say, he blew his nose resoundingly, and sat down, whereat all the pupils clapped their hands. Twenty minutes later the big carryall came round to the front door, and after Mrs. Riggs and her little girl, Mr. Littlejohn and then Mr. Riggs climbed in, and black Nimshi on the box gathered up the reins and tickled the right side of the right bay horse, then flicked the left side of the left bay, and in less time than I can tell it the school settled into its usual morning routine.

"I'm going to try for the junior prize in composition," Bina Forrest announced to Josephine at recess. "I really ought to get it, for papa was a judge, and mamma wrote for magazines. She signed herself 'A Southern Lady.'"

"Well, I'm going to try for the prize in mathematics," said Flo Leet sharply. "You don't have to make up anything to come right in figures. There they are, before you."

"And your mother does all the hard sums for you," put in Fidelia Maria Brierly. "Our mother's too busy."

"She helps all we need," Jerusha interposed, her face flushing. "She says to understand a thing through and through you must think it out yourself."

"Mathematics is for clerks," sniffed Bina. "Ladies don't have to bother with 'em."

"Don't they!" exclaimed Fidelia Maria. "If Grandaunt Fidelia had bothered about her money, she'd 'a' had some now she is old."

"I think I'll try for the composition prize, too," said Jerusha. "If I don't win a prize, I'll improve."

"Me for figgers," exclaimed Fidelia. "I want to come out even every day, then I'll sleep well every night."

"Think you'll try?" asked Flo Leet, turning carelessly to Josephine.

"I'm not saying." Josephine had grown quite pale, so angry was she that all seemed to count her out as a possible prize winner.

"That's right. Work," said Mrs. Thorne, who had come up just in time to hear some of the talk, and who guessed at Josephine's state of mind.

That afternoon Grandma went to a formal tea-party, invited to meet Mrs. Lysander Jones, wife of a senator, and guest of her husband's brother, Judge Polluck Jones. Born a Van Bucklin, Mrs. Lysander was one of the few natives of Ferndale Grandma sometimes spoke of as "the first." Perhaps for this reason Grandma wore her best violet and gray brocade, and one of her finest lace sets, while above her best hypo-

crite was carefully set a cap, pronounced by Miss Vredder, "a perfect duck."

Ann Mary usually assisted her mistress when a careful toilet was to be made, but her only sister living on the edge of town had sent for her, as her baby was ailing, and Grandma would not let her delay.

The flutter of going anywhere always made the old lady feel quite young and equal to anything. But arranging the best hypocrite was not easy. The light was poor, and so were her eyes. The result was the fine white line of the parting was not straight, and some gray elf-locks showed at the temples and ears, an effect she would have considered indecent. One would think a person wearing a frank and above-board hypocrite would grow careless of such trifles. That her own straight, lustrous, white hair showed plainly through the lace of her cap at the back, and the bright, chestnut hypocrite, waved as only a hypocrite can wave, did not trouble her a bit. The hypocrite set straight, and covering every wisp of her own hair in front, was what she demanded. Josephine had learned this perfectly. But when Grandma rustled up to her and said anxiously, "Am I all right?" she replied, "Yes, ma'am."

The "fathers," or Daphne, would have distrusted Josephine's tone, and perhaps it did not

ring true to Grandma, for she said, "Are you sure?" as Josephine folded her beautiful white crape shawl about her, and gave her her fan; and Josephine again said, "Yes, ma'am," in that strange tone.

"I remembered Madame Panallé," she confided to Janey when the old carriage rolled away with Grandma, Saunders in a silk hat and white gloves driving Foxy and Firefly. "I'm not going to collect misfortunes, setting people right."

After arraying Janey in a new lace bonnet made by Daphne, to take the place of the red leather cap she had worn all the way from the Pacific, Josephine went down to see Dr. Pardee.

Even as she stood in the door, Jakey Budd, head of the Ferndale volunteer fire company, came up behind her, and behind him was Jefferson Hokum, his cousin and first assistant.

"There's a hurry call for th' flag, Doctor," began Jakey, taking off his cap as the doctor rose from the couch where he had been lying, and came forward. "Th' men are going, the new fellows I mean, and we are going with them as far as we can."

It is said there is a perfectly blind spot in every eye. It often seems as if there were a spot of unreason in every mind. No one knew

better than the doctor, that a gift is a gift, and that in presenting the silk flag to Ferndale, he gave up all control of it. But now, as he thought of its lustrous folds flashing over men drafted to fight the South, he lost his common sense.

"You can't have it," he replied sharply. "It's been bad enough to see it escorting volunteers. But when Abe Lincoln drags men to war by force—"

"There'll be trouble," put in Hokum in a low voice. "There's a lot o' new folks in town, who don't know you gave us the flag. They think you've just got it."

"An' you *did* give it, Doc'," said Jakey. "What you give, you give, you know. It's th' end of it for you."

"It shall not float over hireling cutthroats."

Down the street the band was playing "The Girl I Left Behind Me." There came with the strains the sound of marching feet. The next instant a crowd filled the corner. Elderly men and women with drawn faces, and boys and girls jostled each other on the pavement. In the middle of the road marched "The Home Guard," all elderly men. At their head was Major Jenkins, who had lost an arm in the Mexican War. It was the Major who had sent Jakey and Jefferson ahead for the flag. Just

before reaching the doctor's door, they halted. The band, still blowing and drumming, also halted behind them. The company of volunteers and drafted men had no choice. They halted.

"March on!" commanded the sharp voice of the young officer in charge. He was not in the "regular" army, had been a grocer in fact a few months before, so he added as if in excuse for himself, "We've no time to lose."

Curious to know why the flag did not appear, the band came to a ridiculous stop. The old doctor pushed to the doorway in spite of Jakey Budd's towering bulk, and Jefferson Hokum's worried expostulations. "Make all the haste you wish!" he shouted, his voice like a trumpet, and full of accusing. "Men who go to fight their brothers, should carry a black flag."

Luckily the young officer had quick wits, also an aged, fiery uncle, who hated the war with all the fury of Dr. Pardee. He, too, would have refused the flag to drafted soldiers. "Steady!" he commanded. "Steady! Advance!"

A shrill, far-away car whistle gave emphasis to the order. The Home Guard, the band, and the newly-made soldiers moved on. A few rough men, who had been drinking, flung

themselves at the doctor. Jakey Budd, despite his boyish name, was a stalwart young giant, with fists like hammers. Jefferson Hokum was his close second. Just what did happen no one could tell. The doctor slipped, and went down, striking the back of his head upon the corner of his little red-nosed stove, and Josephine went down with him, for she had clasped her slender arms about him, placing her body between him and those who would harm him. When she came to herself, she was in her own pretty room, and Daphne and Ann Mary and the new, young doctor were in attendance, while Grandma sat helplessly watching, in the armed chair.

"She'll be all right in a little," comforted the young doctor. "I'll leave powders for her that will bring sleep."

"Sleep is it!" exclaimed Ann Mary, blind to the doctor's signals. "There's heart-scaldin' sorrer this day in Ferndale 't'll kape many an eye open th' night. Niver better man stept. God rist his soul!"

"She's gone again!" cried Grandma, stretching out her hands. "Save her! I can't live without her!"

When Josephine again came to herself, Ann Mary was gone, and Mrs. Thorne was sitting beside the bed. It was ten days before Joseph-

ine was able to leave her room, and when she came down stairs, a little festival was made of the occasion. There were flowers, and Ann Mary made a white fruit cake that was Josephine's favorite. But after the dainty luncheon, Grandma said almost grimly, "Come into my bedroom, my dear."

Joel Ladd blinked his brown eyes at Josephine as she rose to obey. After the death of Hiram Berry, Joel had taken his place, and like his brother Abel, he ate at the family table. Like Abel, Joel was interested in everything and everybody, and had quickly learned the signs of Grandma's varying moods, and now as well as pantomime of eyes and lips could convey it, he warned Josephine that she was, as he would have said, about "to catch it."

"What made you let me go off to Mrs. Pol-luck Jones' party looking every-which-a-way?" the old lady began the moment they were alone. As Josephine did not at once reply, she continued, "That Forrest girl, Mrs. Jones' niece, or grandniece, came and fixed me. She said my bonnet had pulled my hair to one side. But I know better. And she fixed the bad places by my ears. You'd ought to be ashamed to let me go to meet Sallie Van Bucklin looking careless. She's all of sixty-seven for all of her black hair, and pink and blue satin."

"But Madame Panallé was vexed when I told her things," protested Josephine gently.

"What did you tell her?"

"It was about the gender of a French word. I thought she would rather be right. But she was displeased."

"But Madame is herself French, at least I've always so understood," said Grandma, bewildered, for she knew nothing about French speech, with its poverty of genders and stringent laws of agreement for adjectives and articles.

"Perhaps," assented Josephine doubtfully.

"What did she do to you?"

"She made me stay after school, and she said it is better to be polite than to set people right when they are wrong."

"There are times and seasons for all things," declared Grandma. "If you get along pleasant in this world you've got to use judgment. For a scholar to correct a teacher hearing a class isn't perhaps just the right thing. But she overdid herself in keeping you after school for that. Your grandfather was one of the most prominent men in this country, and so was my father. I think Madame should remember she is only a hired person."

"But, Grandma, if grandfathers make you of account, I should behave according," pro-

tested Josephine, astonished at Grandma's top-lofty state of mind toward Madame as a mere "hired person." "I've thought of what she said a lot, and I see myself, that being right isn't everything, and that it is better to be courteous than to be too quick at correcting people."

"Well, you correct my hypocrite if ever you see it one-sided again, and don't you ever let me go off with a lot of gray hairs sticking out around my ears."

Josephine flushed, then wriggled nervously.

"Well! What is it?" demanded Grandma.

"Isn't it nice for ladies to have white hair like men?—Like Dr. Vandercook, and Dr. Pardee, and—"

"Nice!" exclaimed Grandma explosively.

"Yes. Why cannot they wear their pretty white hair?"

"I think I see myself going around with only my own hair!" snapped Grandma, much nettled. "What men do is no pattern for me. The men themselves would be the first to say so."

"It's a puzzling world, Virginia Carter," Josephine whispered in the quiet of her own room. "Doing as you'd like to be done by don't always work well. I s'pose it's 'cause we don't all like the same things. I reckon it's best to do as folks want to be done by. But it don't say that in the Bible."

CHAPTER XIX

OLD FRIENDS APPEAR

“**A**NN MARY! Oh Ann Mary! There’s McTavish of ours, and—yes, it is Abel Ladd with him, and they look awful!” In her excitement Josephine pulled at stout Ann Mary’s mohair skirt with such force it began parting company with the waist.

They were crossing the wide open square before the post-office, which was fuller than usual, for there had been a great battle. From the great yellow omnibus which had just rumbled up, two wasted, haggard, and shabby men had clambered. One, the younger, had supported the other, who, unaided, would never have reached the long wooden settle conveniently near and just one side of the door of “Jennings’ Tonsorial Parlors,” which had for a few weeks occupied the place once the modest barber shop of Washington Clay.

“We’re from Salisbury Prison, friends,” said the younger man, who was, as Josephine had said, no other than Abel Ladd. “Somebody send word to the Knight House, and get Dr. Pardee. Pard here is busted. I was for takin’

him up home with me, but I'm afraid he aint equal to it." The men pressed about the two like bees about a drop of honey. They picked up the feeble one, and set him on the bench as gently as if he were a baby. Josephine, usually afraid of crowds, wriggled and bored her way through this one, and, as in duty bound, Ann Mary followed her.

"McTavish!" cried Josephine. "It's you?"

"Aye," the yellow scarecrow assented, "it's what thim deevils left o' me. But, lass, how come you here?"

"I'm with my grandma."

"You're nothin' but bones an' nankeen hide!" Ann Mary exclaimed, as she grasped Abel's lean arms. "An' sind no word to hotels. It's Hersilf as'll be proud to entertain ye an' your frind, who it seems knows Josephine. An' as for doctors, it's nunchucks ye'll have to do wid, like th' rist o' us, for Dr. Pardee, God rist his soul in glory, was killed dead in his own office, but th' Lord be praised, not by Ferndale folk, but by furriners. It bates iverything th' way th' country's fillin' up wid 'em."

"But McTavish—" began Abel.

"Jist wait till I have your brother here, an' Saunders, an' th' carriage," interrupted Ann Mary.

Half a dozen buggies and wagons were of-

ferred. In less time than it can be told, grizzled Captain McTavish and Lieutenant Ladd were in Grandma Dobard's best bedrooms, and Cupid and Joel Ladd were in attendance. It was a whole week, during which he consumed seven meals a day, each meal as dainty and nourishing as Ann Mary could make it, before Abel was fit for the long ride up the hills to his home, so Dr. Kendrick said. As for McTavish, the doctor bade him remain quiet for at least another week. Madame Panallé was in Utica the Saturday these two arrived, spending the week-end with an old pupil. Monday evening she presented herself at the big carved front door of the Dobard house. Josephine, sitting with Janey and "The Lives of the Saints," in which she read at intervals, saw her and came running before she could touch the bell. "He's in the front room straight up stairs," she said softly. "I think Cupid is with him. You see he knew Cupid at Post Klamas, for Cupid was our servant. But Cupid's not well, and it may be Joel. Abel walks out, and when he hasn't him to pet, Joel spends every minute he can get doing for McTavish."

It was a painfully agitated little Madame that followed Josephine up the long, winding stairs. Their feet made no sound on the thick

carpet. The Captain lay in an easy chair by the window, gazing idly at the white clouds sailing the sapphire sky, and then at the great chestnut tree in which two squirrels were scampering. At sight of him all the little fabric of fable Madame had woven about herself fell away. Forgetting Josephine, dropping her cherished reticule on the floor, she ran forward, crying, "Angus lad! It's Maggie!"

Softly closing the door, Josephine went down the back stairs and sought out Joel. "You don't need to go up to look after McTavish for some time," she cautioned. "He's got an old friend to see him. Madame Panallé, our French teacher, used to know him in Montreal, when he was young."

"Beats all how small th' world is," said Saunders, who had overheard. "I went to New York City once. Didn't know a soul there, an' who should I meet on Chatham street, but Tim Slocum from Hannibal way. Stands a body in hand to behave himself."

When Josephine went back to her little green parlor among the weigeliass and honeysuckles, she confided to Virginia Carter and Janey, "If Madame wants to be French, and talks like McTavish, it's her affair. It can't be wronger to keep still about it, than to keep still about Grandma's being step, and by keep-

ing still about that no one is hurt, and Grandma's made happy." Of course Virginia and Janey made no objection to this reasoning, and the household and Ferndale accepted Madame's explanation of her acquaintance with the bronzed captain. The one week stretched into three, and still the doctor forbade the invalid's removal to Pompey Hill. On the fourth week Jefferson Hokum was brought home to be buried. His father's chronic rheumatism had suddenly become acute, then fatal. Somehow Jefferson had then persuaded Granny Ward to permit his cousin, Jakey Budd, to rent five of her seventeen rooms, and bring into them his dwarfed but very capable sister, Debby, and his palsied mother, who was Captain John Ward's own niece. Sure that his grandmother would henceforward have the best of care, Jefferson had promptly enlisted, to be as promptly shot on his first picket duty. Josephine, much affected by his death, announced to Grandma that she was going to the funeral.

"There'll be plenty of people there without you," objected Grandma.

"But I knew him real well. We were friends," patiently argued Josephine, "and he was a hero, Mr. Hokum was. The Captain's written about it. He asked for men to volun-

teer, he would not send them to the post Mr. Hokum had. He asked those that were willing to dare it, to step out, and Mr. Hokum stepped."

"And who, pray tell me, told you all this?"

"Madame Panallé."

"And who told her?"

"The Peckses."

"Well, I never! I p'sume they'll go to th' funeral."

"Yes. Miss Sally says it will be paying proper respect, and I want to pay proper respect, too, Grandma. Mr. Hokum was an awful nice man."

"Don't say 'awful,' Josephine."

"When I say awful, I mean dreadful," explained Josephine.

"Dear me suz!" exclaimed Grandma. "When will you learn to keep awful and dreadful for awe-inspiring and dread-inspiring things!"

Josephine marched up front and sat with the mourners, as she had at Dr. Pardee's funeral, and again Ann Mary had something to tell Grandma. She had held Jefferson in her arms when he was in long dresses, had Ann Mary, for she had grown up just back of his father's home. It was quite seemly, she felt, tht she should put on her best black dress and go, even though the

service was in the Methodist church, while she was a devoted Catholic.

"Well, ma'am, ye could put me in a pint cup, I was that put about whin herself come in, late, wid Washington Clay, an' him wid wan leg gone, which they say he lost wid credit to himself. Ye might think it a happenchance if Josephine hadn't panted straight for the front seats which was most full wid Hokums from Tug Hill way. Th' Bileses' hired girl told me 'twas Washington got Hokum's poor body home, but she didn't know how he did it."

"I'll have a talk with Josephine, and tell her what's what tomorrow," said Grandma.

"Of course, you'll do as you think best, ma'am," said Ann Mary. "But I've been thinkin', as it was me as seen her, perhaps I could say somethin' an' whatever I say'd not make her have hard feelin's toward you." Ann Mary nervously pleated the overskirt of her black cashmere, then smoothed it out, and added, "Josephine's terrible sinsible at times, an' thin she aint sinsible at all, which is perhaps nat'ral."

"Well, try it," said Grandma. "I'll own it grows harder and harder for me to speak to her. You see I grow fonder and fonder of her, and I can't help wanting her fond of me."

"Sure it's a thick head Jakey Budd has to

cock you up wid th' Hokum mourners," Ann Mary began the next morning. Conscious she had undertaken no easy task, she approached it in a way she thought would give her some advantage.

"Jakey Budd didn't put me there, I went," announced Josephine, turning a very serious face toward Ann Mary. "And 'twas I who invited Washington Clay to come along."

"Whatever next!" exclaimed Ann Mary, catching her breath. Then added in a dispassionate tone, "They do say as Washington's showin' a dale o' sinse. Yis. 'Stead o' hangin' about to be took care of, he's opened a new barber shop as nate as a new pin. All th' same it's not proper for you to be in sates o' mournin' wid th' loikes o' him."

"Why?" Josephine drew her dark brows together in a frown.

"Why? Why, bekase it isn't. That's why."

"But th' reason." Josephine stamped her foot. "Tell me th' reason, Ann Mary."

"Land o' man!" cried the badgered Ann Mary. "Ask me why th' Lord made th' world as he did. It don't look well for one thing."

"Why don't it?" persisted Josephine.

"Ask your grandma," replied the baffled Ann Mary, retreating to her pantry and closing the door.

CHAPTER XX

BLACK CUPID

“**W**ITH those prizes to work for, you’ll need to have clothes off your mind,” said Grandma, after a careful examination of Josephine’s wardrobe. “I wish there was something to make over in the green chest, for English merino’s three dollars a yard, and common Merrimac calico fifty cents. But there’s nothing but a bayadere strip silk, and an all-wool delaine that might have belonged to the Pilgrims.”

“The girls say the gray and crimson challie you had made over for me is just gay.”

“Gay! Don’t use slang, child, whatever you do,” protested Grandma. “I’ll have in Manda Pratt. I saw her last week in a new black cashmere, she said she got out of an old red merino wrapper of her mother’s. Beats all the gumption she has! But I’ll send you to Mrs. W. W. Peck for aprons. I’ve stuff for four, and Smyrna for trimming. You’ll find it a queer place, but she’s a master at aprons, which is lucky, for after her husband’s sudden death, his folks robbed her of everything they could get hold of.”

"It isn't aprons or dresses I need, Grandma, to win th' prizes, it's brains and workin' 'em."

"Yes, yes," assented Grandma, intent upon her own thoughts, "but good clothes are bracing. At least they've always been to me."

Josephine found Mrs. Peck on the east side of her long, low house in the room that had once been her parlor. The French windows at the front would have let in sunshine, had not the outside blinds been fast closed. The lace curtains before them had become a cobwebby gray, and between them was a rosewood table, on which was a tray of pots in which were long dead and dry plants, also festooned with cobwebs. Every foot or two on the soft, dusty carpet were heaps of rags. When in answer to her knock a gentle voice had called, "Come!" and Josephine had entered, an alert black and tan terrier paused in his burrowing in one of these piles and barked fiercely. By the open bay window at the east side of the room, a small, elderly woman was sewing. She looked over her spectacles at Josephine, then said in a strange, soft voice, "Be careful. Whig has bones hidden all about."

Going to this strange sad house a few days later, to be "tried on," Josephine met Daphne. "I was watchin' out fo' you, chile," she said, "'case I wants you to come and see papa.

Sinct Dr. Pardee's gone dey aint nobody advises wid him, wid wisdom, an' he be down in his mind."

Cupid, slumped up in a vast Boston rocking-chair, was no longer the sleek round man he was when he arrived in Ferndale. He had lost much flesh. The whites of his big round eyes had become yellow, and his blackness had taken on an ashen tone, while his big lips had turned purple.

"Ole Marse Doctor tole me a right sma't back tur mek my preparations, but he kep' me gwine on," he said mournfully. "O' cose time is a-movin' on, an' I'se gittin' age on me, but wid right physic, it 'pear like dar's a right sma't o' work in me yit. But this yur new, young doctor what call us allus 'cullud folks,' an' sez we'd ought to wote, he say, 'What fur you want to live?' 'Me,' I sez, 'I'se used tur livin', an' I enjies it. I've been used tur livin' fo' a right sma't.' An' all he sez is, 'Huh! You' pa doctor an' Dr. Pardee aint never talk tur me that-a-way. They mek me soothed. An' dey gives me drops as sot me up. O' cose I mek my preparations, an' when I'm out aroun' I gits excite, an' I tell little lies, an' sometimes I swear, an' den I hes my preparations tur mek all ovah. It wa'n't all de drops dey give me neither. Dey somehow guv me

courage, an' dey mek me feel as how God aint gwine tur be too ha'd on an' ole nigger man, as nevah knew much, an' tried tur do his bes'."

"I'll ask Dr. Vandercook to come and see you," said Josephine, who had taken one of Cupid's hot hands in both of hers and was stroking it. "He thinks a deal of colored folks."

Cupid gave a snort that meant no, and slowly shook his big head. "Naw, naw," he insisted. "I'se too nigh de en', fo' new friends. I'se jis a plain ole nigger man as wants tur go tur heaven, an' I knows bein' called 'cullud,' aint mekin' me white. I wants you tur pray fo' me, youse'f, Missy. Jis' arsk Him to 'scuse me all he can, fo' de sake o' Jesus."

Josephine at once knelt down beside Cupid's chair. "I never prayed out of my own head," she said after a moment, "except to ask God to take care of the fathers. Of course, I know 'Our Father' and 'Now I lay me.'"

"Dar's a little one at de en', yoo Gran'ma Pavageau used to say in dem gran' times when I was young, 'bout de Holy Ghos'—"

"Wait—I know," said Josephine, patting the old man's arm affectionately, and bending her head. The old man's body relaxed. His eyes closed as Josephine murmured reverently, "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the

love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost be with us all evermore!"

"Dat's it, chile. 'With us evermore,'" whispered Cupid.

"And, dear God, help Cupid to go to heaven."

"Yes, Lord," assented Cupid. There was a moment of silence broken only by the rustling of the leaves, then the old man added, "An' if ole Cupid ben't here to see, I prays de Lord to keep you, an' holp you grow into a gran' sweet lady like my ole Miss, yoo Gran'ma Pavageau. Yes, Honey Bug, I ask de Lord fo' dat, ev'y day."

That night Cupid went out of life in his sleep. A month later, Daphne, being very sad and lonely, and accustomed to working hard and long for someone, married Washington Clay, who came to live with her in the tiny red house. Meanwhile, Manda Pratt, armed with a pair of long, sharp shears, came to the Do-bard house and quickly transformed the old gowns in the green chest, into pretty and serviceable dresses for Josephine. "There's a sight in knowin' what to do with what you've got," she declared, as she snipped and pared. "It aint allus them as spends most who look best. An' there's a deal in th' way things are worn. An' these war times folks are havin' things as

never had 'em afore. Look at Mike Cliff's wife!"

"Louisa has hoops, and she wore a silk dress to school one day, but she never wore it again. I think Miss Sadwell or Mrs. Thorne spoke to her," said Josephine.

"An' so she's in Miss Sadwell's school," said Grandma. "Well, well!"

"She's not going to stay, the girls say," explained Josephine. "They say she's going away to a boarding-school. She writes wonderful compositions. They're like pieces in books."

"Mmmmmmm!" grunted Grandma. "Years ago her mother worked for me. She was a willing creature, and pretty, but stupid."

"Well, Louisa and her cousin, Ellen Joyce, have way-up compositions," said Josephine. "Even the big girls can't do better."

"The Joyces are the new factory men," explained Miss Pratt. "They came from Salina."

"M—well!" sniffed Grandma, "if she that was Nora Flynn's daughter writes way-up compositions, perhaps she gets 'em out of her own head, and perhaps she don't. Though if there's anything crooked, it isn't Nora's doing. If Nora was stupid, she was good."

"This aint an easy world, Miss Dobard," said Miss Pratt, after spitting out a surprising

number of pins to talk unhampered. "But I've noticed that smartness, like composition writing now, crops up where you'd least expect it."

The first division read their compositions the third Friday after the term began. Josephine wore the made-over all-wool delaine. It was a rosy lavender, dotted with medallions in black, green and white. Touches of white silk at throat and wrists, with frills of delicate lace, made it becoming, and the neat white apron covering it made the whole costume suitable. The subject of her essay was "Hope," and she closed as follows,—“Uncle Cupid, though black, was wise, and he used always to chide me, when I said, ‘I hope to do this or that.’ He said that instead of hoping, I ought to spend all my time and strength making my hope come true. He said hoping and wishing are of no account, unless they set you at work.” Josephine’s voice broke into a quaver, as she sat down, and Miss Sadwell waited several seconds before calling the next reader, Louisa Cliff. Louisa also wore a new dress, a fine blue silk-warped challie, which set off her fairness. Around her slim neck was a wide gold chain, in delicate filagree, and from it hung a large locket set with pearls and sapphires. Her fair hair was tied back with a blue velvet

ribbon. She blinked nervously as she opened her paper, and a vivid color came suddenly to her high cheek-bones. Her subject was "Books," and she read in a very childish voice, often mispronouncing her words, while Miss Sadwell's grave face became more and more stern. Ellen Joyce was the next reader. Her frock was rose color and white and much trimmed with rose-colored satin ribbon, and she also wore a wide gold chain, and a locket on which winked a diamond. No girls attending Miss Sadwell's school had ever been dressed so handsomely, even Miss Dorothy Biles, who had gone away to Mt. Holyoke the year before, and who was the apple of her grandfather's sad old eyes, had never appeared at school in frocks so expensive as those worn by the cousins. Ellen's topic was "Sympathy," and as she read, Josephine felt herself now shivering, now burning, for she recognized the essay as one in a red muslin-covered book banished to the woodshed chamber, and bearing in gilt on its cover, the legend, "Ladies' Keepsake." When Ellen sat down, there was a curious stillness for some minutes. Then Miss Sadwell said gravely, "Miss Louisa, define, if you please, 'graphic.'"

Louisa rose, her face white as milk, her eyes burning, "Why, it means—I—" There was a

long wait, then, overcome with misery, Louisa sank into her seat.

"Miss Ellen, please to define 'bourne,'" commanded Miss Sadwell gently.

Ellen Joyce rose in her place, the color coming and going in her cheeks, her eyes blazing. Her lips moved, but no sound came from them. Suddenly she bent, drew a small red book from under her desk, and flung it toward the open window. Her aim was not good. The book took Josephine's inkstand, overturning it upon her new dress and the floor. The next moment Ellen Joyce rushed out of the room, banging the door behind her.

"Young ladies, what we write looks like us," said Miss Sadwell gravely. "It is impossible it should be otherwise. The words I asked these girls to define were in their essays. Taking what does not belong to us, is stealing, and taking another's thoughts, is a very mean sort of stealing, if there be grades in it."

"Oh, ma'am!" exclaimed Josephine, rising and pointing.

Louisa Cliff was slipping to the floor. She had fainted.

CHAPTER XXI

THE LAWN FETE

THE first time Captain McTavish was able to walk out, he went to see Madame Panallé, and, returning, he bought a Lincoln medal for Josephine. It was round and set in a gold-plated rim. On the back it held a picture of Andrew Johnson. Grandma had given Josephine a fine gold necklace for her birthday. She hung the Lincoln medal upon it, and wore it constantly, for everyone had politics, and with all the noise of war, another turmoil was in progress, namely a Presidential election. Every week there were crowded meetings at Empire Hall. Gentlemen would assure the people with fiery gestures that the only way to bring peace to the distracted country was to re-elect President Lincoln, and other gentlemen the next night would declare that General McClellan was the only man who could save the nation from destruction. These meetings, no matter who spoke, or on what side, were always called, "to consider the state of the Nation." Everybody who was able went. Even Grandma Dobard, who had long given up eve-

ning entertainments, went always when it did not rain, and with her went Josephine and Ann Mary. "Sometime you'll be glad to be able to say, you went to these affairs," she assured the former. As for Ann Mary, she had a brother-in-law in the army, and when the three went home, Grandma could take her arm for the hill between her home and the hall. Everything became more and more expensive, and Manda Pratt had to be called in to repair the damage made by Ellen Joyce and the ink bottle.

"It's a mercy this delaine's figured," Manda declared. "Th' pieces I set in won't show to speak of, though for that matter folks are wearin' pieced things that never had to afore, jus' as others is wearin' silks an' satins, an' jewelry, that's had hard sleddin' gettin' calico. Think o' Michael Cliff in th' legislature! My suzzy!"

"How did he get in, Miss Pratt?" demanded Josephine. "Who let him in?"

"Don't ask me. I don't vote," replied Manda.

"I p'sume there's voters as don't know," said Grandma. "We've come on strange times."

In July, a pop-eyed, withered little music teacher, with his withered little wife, had



Josephine at once knelt down by Cupid's chair.

come from Utica, and proposed to the Orthodox church people to get up an entertainment with the aid of their young folks, and take half the receipts for their pay. The young people would receive training in part and choral singing, and the Sunday-school library fund would be increased.

The pretty operetta went off without a hitch, and with great financial success, and left many of the young folks still singing, notably Della Laprade, who not only sang the whole operetta, but invented some new airs all her own.

"I can think of some words for that tune," Josephine announced one recess, after Della had hummed through one of her inventions. "I believe we could get up an operetta that would pass muster with 'The June Dream.'"

"What fun!" said Bina Forrest. "Let me help."

The Seminary pupils had given an entertainment which they had called, "Readings and Tableaux," in aid of the Sanitary Commission. Each church had either taken a special collection, or had gotten up a fair to the same end. A three days' fair was in preparation by the whole town, and Miss Sadwell, always alert to the doings of her pupils, even when they were not just under her eyes, began noticing the

group of laughing singers grouped among the lilacs during recess.

"What play are you practising?" she asked Josephine one noon. "I have overheard something very pretty for several days."

"Oh, it's Della Laprade's songs, or rather her tunes. We've made the verses," replied Josephine, flushing to the roots of her hair.

"And where did Della find her tunes?"

"All in her own head. She made some of the verses. Della's smart."

There was an instant's silence broken only by Mr. Sadwell's measured pacing up and down in the hall below, while making odd hissing sounds by drawing air through his teeth. Miss Sadwell's delicate face had settled into the hard lines Josephine had come to know meant disbelief.

"I've been thinking our school might do something for the Sanitary Commission," Miss Sadwell spoke slowly, and drummed nervously on the table with her slim fingers. "A lawn fete could be managed, and if I knew the real authorship of those songs—"

"I've told you all about them," said Josephine, her tongue suddenly feeling thick, and her body shaking with anger. "You'd better ask Della." Another moment she darted away and into the street.

Bina Forrest had been waiting for Josephine in one of the smaller rooms, and had overheard all the talk. "It's just as Josephine said," she volunteered, coming into the hall. "Della's very clever. The girls know it better than you, Miss Sadwell. And she isn't to blame for her—complexion. People north are very hard upon black folks, for all their fine talk."

"My dear!" protested the teacher. "Young people do not understand." She sank back in her chair, and passed her hand wearily over her forehead, then added, "I don't know but you are right about Della. You see I remember her mother very well, and so feel resentful that Della's grandparents did not take better care of her mother. Don't ever forget your life is interknit with other lives, and that you have no right to follow your inclination when to do so casts a burden upon others. When Della's mother married a man of mixed blood, she should have been reminded that her children would bear the mark of Africa."

Before the school assembled for the afternoon session, something terrible happened. After more than twenty-five years of mild strangeness, Philetus Sadwell suddenly became violent, and after striking down his aged mother he ran down the street and jumped into Fern river just below the falls. When the

school again opened, Miss Sadwell had given over her work for a time to Mrs. Thorne, who entered into the plans for a lawn fete with zest, and helped the girls arrange Della's songs, and their verses, with intelligent interest.

Between East and West Ferndale runs a small, but deep and rapid river. For reasons long forgotten there has been a keen rivalry between the two halves of the town since the first factory was built on the west side. Being the older, East Ferndale has the older and handsomer churches, the post-office, the Seminary, the flour mills and the cemetery. West Ferndale has all the factories, the railway station, and the fair ground. After Ferndale became the county-seat the West side put up a brisk fight to secure the court house and the jail, but was defeated. The handsomest of the old homes are, of course, on the East side. Some of them face the river. As if to spite them, the "Colonial" mansion building for O'Brien Joyce was on the West bluff, as was also the Italian villa of yellow brick going up for Michael Cliff, and the bluff once the pride of the East-siders, so beautifully did it close in plummy green their view of Fern river, was cut down abruptly to make room for the Joyce coal yards, and a spur from the P. D. & W. railway. A brick

wall shut in the Joyce and Cliff property. A hideous mass of raw earth and rock loomed where once had been aspens, sumac, alders, hobblebush, brambles, great willow herb, milkweed, monkey flowers, cardinal flowers, and ferns of many varieties. The coal sheds bore in yellow letters two feet long, the legend, "Anthracite and Bituminous Coal." As if this were not enough, a huge billboard was fastened against the bank, and on it was painted, "Use Sneed's for that Tired Feeling." That the owners of the property across the river should resent this change in their view is not wonderful. Nor is it strange some old residents sniffed disdainfully at the airs of some of the West-siders when, like Michael Cliff, they drove by in barouches gaily gilded, their trace chains of clanking silver, or, like the Joyces, with servants in livery. It was this situation that Josephine, with the help of Bina Forrest and Jerusha Brierly, had woven into a comedy to be sung to Della Laprade's tunes.

CHAPTER XXII

JOSEPHINE WRITES A PLAY

THE shivering aspens were turning orange yellow, and the swamp maples flaming red. If Miss Sadwell's young pupils were to give their musical comedy out of doors, it must be at once, Mrs. Thorne said. If anything were lacking to awaken popular interest in the war, it was supplied by the return of Kilgore Pardee, the doctor's only child. He had been reported missing, then as taken prisoner and sent to Belle Isle. How he had escaped and reached the north he could not tell. Lean, yellow, the specter of a man, he had brought out of the horrors he had endured one thought only. Something threatened from the South. The executors of the old doctor's will had asked Mrs. Thorne, whose son Pardee would be principal heir in case of the death of the doctor's one child, to occupy the old homestead. "It would be better for the property," they said. It was well she had acceded to their request, and that she had retained "Mrs. Josephus Pickett," otherwise "Black Charlotte," and long the old doctor's cook, in her old quar-

ters. But even the best of care in the pleasant old rooms he had known all his youth could not restore the mind shattered by suffering. The first time Colonel Kilgore Pardee was able to walk, he demanded a musket, and in default of one, shouldered a short clothes-pole, which seemed to his disordered fancy of the right size and weight, and making his way to the corner stood there two hours facing the south. Thereafter, until his death in the fierce cold of February, he daily mounted guard against the threatening something, "coming from the south." He had been a splendid figure, and had filled his father's heart with pride by his work at Harvard, and then in the Law School. Ferndale had expected to be no end proud of him. Now it ached with pity, and burned with anger, as well, at the cause of this ruin.

On the morning of the Saturday chosen, folk streamed into town from every point of the compass. The roads were fine, the day perfect. The performance was to be in the public park. A stout, high fence surrounded it, built when cows roamed the streets. There were turnstiles at each corner. Grandfather Dodson, with the help of his son James, just home from lecturing upon "phrenology," contrived a stage with a protection at the back.

If anyone had tried sneaking in without paying at some one of the guarded turnstiles, the sight of Kilgore Pardee slowly pacing his self-imposed beat would have sent him back. Help came from the most unexpected quarters. The Hon. Michael Cliff sent word that the town band should play, as often as desired, such music as Mrs. Thorne was pleased to select, of course at his expense. Miss Sally Peck, just home from Miss Williard's School at Troy, volunteered to play accompaniments, quite regardless of the sympathy felt for the South by her father and uncles. Miss Vreder offered to help with the costumes. Pardee Thorne and a dozen boys of his age offered to assist in selling the sandwiches and coffee that were to be offered for refreshment after the performance, and the sandwiches and coffee were donated, also the sugar and cream necessary for the latter. Seats had to be found far beyond the number provided, and at last obliging young people sat on the fence, smiling and looking not unlike monster chickens.

At last the opening chorus, all clad in white, mounted the platform, and, dividing, faced each other. Miss Sally Peck had been playing a charming prelude of Chopin and delicately found her way into the music of the comedy,

quite as if Chopin's prelude had been written to introduce it. The piano was Miss Hannah Biles' grand, taken bodily into the park that very morning, and placed just in front of the stage. Then the two groups of singers, exactly mimicking each other's pointing fingers and smirks, sang the following:

"The rainbows in our skies
 Are brighter far
 Than rainbows are,—
 The other side the river.
 And at the fairies over there,
 Their pedigree and lack of it,
 And manners that do smack of it,
 All their motions,
 And their notions,
 Make us shiver, shiver, shiver.
 We point with pride,
 To our own side
 Fern river."

The place of the play was supposed to be Fairyland. Some of the more thoughtful fairies would close all places where liquor was sold. Some urged new paving for the streets. Others wanted better gas. Some wanted a new library building. The one they were using belonged to the village, and held the post-office and various public offices, and was "no larger than a decent chicken-coop," so one exasperated

fairy of a literary turn pleaded. Another group wanted an "Old Fairies' Home," for even fairies grow old and feeble. In vain, public-spirited fairies paced up and down, arguing, and urging the wisdom of their suggestions and plans. No East-sider would listen to anything being done for the West side, nor would any West-sider hear to improvements on the East side. At last, defeated and irritated, Josephine sang:

"A body would think
A town with a river
Would be firmly united
And never divided,
Aye, proud beyond measure
Because of its treasure.
Nobody would think
A river delightful
Would make fairies spiteful
Or enviously greedy.
A body would think
They would keep it all neatly
And hedge it with flowers
And shrubs smelling sweetly
'Stead o' dumping in filth
To make it grow weedy,
And rending and tearing
Its banks without caring
For aught save some pelf.
Oh, a body should think
Of someone beside self!

And if I were Fern river
I'd run, and I'd run,
Till I ran quite away.
And wherever I ran to,
I'd hide me, and stay.
For I'm tired,
Much tired
O' Fern river."

This provoked much applause and laughter, and some odd looks were exchanged, and so did the dialogue following, in which a fairy showed the world how all her faults and failures were caused by someone else, to which a chorus glibly answered—

"It's just th' same with us."

Another fairy explained why she always contradicted people, because she was always right, and yet another fairy explained why she was unwilling to do even a small favor for anyone without a reward. Then the following was sung, first by Josephine and Bina Forrest for the East side, and then by Rusha Brierly and her sister, Fidelia Maria, for the West side. Then all four sang it together:

"Just look at us!
We are the first,
The tiptop aristocracy
Of Fairytown.

Everybody bow, low, low down
And watch us smile or frown.
Only keep your eyes on us.
We are Society."

This was followed by a laughter chorus. The last chorus was the best musically, everybody said, and was as follows:

"Fairies all, we lay aside
All our vanities and pride.
Each side our pretty river
Work we will, and with a will
Fairytown to make the best
Little village east or west.
No matter what the weather,
Faithfully we'll work together
For all things good,
As fairies should.
We'll work, we'll work together."

"Well, well, well! What eyes the youngsters have, to be sure!" exclaimed old Peter Biles, who, since the death of his two sons, had suffered from a strange weakness in the legs, that made walking difficult. He had made them wheel him over in a chair he had just received from Utica. "Did someone tell me Paul Dobard's little girl invented this?"

"Not all," said Mr. Jonas Peck, who hap-

pened to be near. "My niece Sally tells me it began with some airs Dodson's granddaughter invented. She, of course, had help."

"Very little, if any," put in Mrs. Thorne, who had just come up. "Della Laprade is gifted in music, and has a beautiful voice, though she will only appear in the choruses. Josephine, however, deserves the credit of the general idea of the comedy, and the best of the verses."

"Well, well!" said old Peter, nodding. "So Della is a genius. She shall have a chance. I'll see she has it."

When the comedy proper closed, the whole school sang, "Rally 'Round the Flag," and then the band played, "The Battle Cry of Freedom," and "When This Cruel War Is Over," and "Old Ros'n the Bow," and, to close, "John Brown," the crowd singing the words, and making a great volume of sound. O'Brien Joyce, who had given the band their new uniforms, felt so flattered by their appearance, he ordered they be given coffee and sandwiches at his expense, after which they again played. This time it was dance tunes, as "Money Musk," and "I Wish You would Marry Me Now." But no one felt like dancing, save perhaps a young horse or two. The papers selling on the street told of a battle in Virginia

likely to bring sorrow to more than one home in Ferndale and its vicinity.

That evening, when Mrs. Thorne and Sally Peck counted the receipts of the day, they found four copper tokens, a counterfeit two-dollar bill, and one hundred and ninety-four dollars and three cents.

"I don't s'pose anybody meant to cheat with that bogus bill," said Uncle Caleb Peck, sticking out his under lip, as he always did when considering something, and rubbing his nose. "Folks in th' country can't know th' chicanin' goin' on in towns, women folks specially. It ought 'o be an even two hunderd. Those children did well."

"They deserve a lot of credit," admitted Uncle Jonas.

"I say, boys, le's make it an even two hundred, so they c'n have th' three cents for postage," said Mr. Zenas Peck, Sally's father. "Of course I've never sympathized with Abe Lincoln, but that's neither here nor there. This is for sufferin'." He laid two dollars in what were known as "shinplasters" on the table.

"Umah!" grunted Uncle Caleb, as he gave his two dollars, and then quietly added another bit of paper worth ten cents to pay for the postal order.

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Two weeks later the Young Ladies of Miss Sadwell's school received the formal receipt and thanks of the Sanitary Commission for two hundred dollars.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE INVISIBLE VIRGINIA CARTER

IT was a bitter winter, beginning early and staying late. The snow heaped itself over the tops of the fences, and stood in a glittering wall between the roadway and the pavement which was kept clear by a rigidly-enforced law. The high falls of Fern river, rarely frozen over, were silent this year under heavy veils of ice. But the skating was perfect, and in a pert little hat with brown feathers, and a warm jacket of brown wool dotted over with white spots like snowflakes, Josephine learned to skate. Joel Ladd was her teacher. He also taught Bina Forrest, with whom Josephine became more and more intimate, with the result that Virginia Carter began to fade out of her mind, though, of course, there were times when she became as vivid as ever. Sometimes Flo Leet came, expensively dressed in blue broadcloth and wearing white furs, and Madame Panallé came when it was very keen, wearing a homespun costume, gray as a wasp's nest, and having on her head a knitted cap of crimson yarn. The skates

Madame buckled on her good-sized feet quirked up in front like monster watch-springs, but no boy could excel her in swiftness and grace on ice, and she and Joel Ladd had a notable knowledge of birds that dare the northern winter, nuthatches, both white-breasted and red-breasted, chickadees, various woodpeckers, blue jays, and occasional crows, and twice she pointed out a little flock of snow buntings, and at another time an adventuring pine siskin, and, to crown all, a large flock of the red cross-bills that German legend and our own Longfellow have immortalized. Once she pointed out to Josephine a brown creeper, and once Joel showed Josephine a flock of Lapland longspurs picking up the grain swept from the barn, and leaving odd marks of their long hind claws in the snow. It was after a delightful skim up the river with Madame and a little group of her pupils, that a slim, pimply young man accosted Flo Leet. What he said, no one knew, but they skated away together for a few minutes. Then Flo circled back, and begged Madame to take her home. The next morning she was not at school, nor yet the next day, and that evening when Josephine tapped at the Leet door, Mrs. Leet, very pale, and worn, and old, opened it but a crack to say Flo was very, very ill. Be-

fore the week was over, it was whispered that the strange young man had claimed to be Flo's brother, and had told her the people with whom she lived had adopted her. She had been too overcome to go home alone, and when she learned she was indeed adopted, had become delirious after repeated fainting spells. She had studied hard, and was not strong, and before a fortnight was over, something in the proud, intense little heart and head gave way, and in spite of all the wise doctor, telegraphed for from Utica, could do, she died. From the first Grandma Dobard was much excited by her illness, and when, on Sunday morning, Ann Mary brought in the sad news with the second helping of muffins, Grandma became so pale the good serving-woman was scared.

"You ought to have a thorough course of something," she declared. "You'd better let me bring you some o' th' dandelion wine I put up last spring."

"Nonsense!" replied Grandma stiffly, and regardless of Ann Mary's feelings. "I'm quite well. But—Josephine, please to step in my room when you have finished breakfast."

A coal fire was snapping in the white marble fireplace. Josephine walked up to it and spread out her hands, smiling at Grandma, who stood awaiting her.

The old lady stepped forward quickly and put her arms about Josephine, who could feel that her grandmother trembled.

"Grandma, is it that you want to tell me something?" said Josephine gently, and putting up her arms to the old lady's neck.

"Yes, dear child. This dreadful affair has made me feel that there's nothing safe or happy in this world that is not founded on truth."

"Is it something you do not want me to know?"

"I haven't wanted you to know, especially since I've grown to love you so," sobbed Grandma. "But truth is best."

"If it's about our being step, don't mind, Gran' dear." Josephine rumped Grandma's fine lace collar forgetfully. "We aren't to blame, and I love you—a—million if you are step."

"Who?—when?" stammered the old lady, tears blinding her.

"I don't remember who was first," said Josephine easily. "You see folks thought I knew. No one did it a-purpose."

"And you've never lisped a word to me!" The old lady held Josephine away from her and scanned her face.

"Why should I, when you were trying to be

my really truly grandma, and are all the grandma I have anyhow? Then—I was trying to be really truly, too.” Josephine spoke quite truthfully. Grandma and her exacting ways had ceased to ruffle her as at first.

A reserved and proud woman was Grandma, and speech was difficult, so she pressed Josephine closely in her arms, kissed her, and bade her sit down.

“And there is something else I must speak about,” she continued, after a moment. “Please tell me. Who is Virginia Carter?”

Josephine turned blood-red, and stared at Grandma a few moments in silence. “I’ve always had her,” she replied at last. “You see there *had to be* somebody.”

Grandma drew her chair close and put her arm about Josephine’s shoulders.

“I see,” she assented. “It was lonely out West.”

“All the people at the post were grown up. Johnny Knox came with his father sometimes, but he was a boy. The Colonel had twin girls way off East here in school. I s’pose I made Virginia up. First I knew I had her. I reckon I’ve always had her.”

There was a long silence broken only by the crackle of the fire, the odd sounds made in the works of the French clock, and an occasional

creak from Grandma's rocking-chair. "I think you'd better not mention her outside," Grandma said at last. "Ferndale people don't know about army posts, and might not understand."

"I always talk things over with her. She always gives me good advice, and helps me be the way I want to be."

"All the same I'd not speak of her," persisted Grandma. "Folks are just as they are, and you can't change 'em."

The wisdom of Grandma's advice Josephine learned the very next day, when, forgetfully, she spoke of Virginia before Laura Shaw, who called out loudly, "What a fabricator you are, Josephine Dobard! There's no such girl in town."

The week of Flo Leet's funeral Mrs. Peck sickened among her dusty rags and died, Dr. Kendrick said, of "poison," though the papers called it pneumonia. The next day Mrs. Thorne carefully explained to the school how dust may hold myriads of atoms, deadly to human beings. But few people paid attention to these new-fangled notions. Old Peter Biles, and then Mrs. Vandercook "went home," Dr. Vandercook said, and not long after he, too, "went home."

Grandma made no comment when Josephine

announced that she wanted to sit with the mourners at the old minister's funeral. "It's been a lonesome winter for all the fun I've had studying and skating, and now it will be lonesomer," she said.

"You have that child wear a black string around her neck wid a sixpence hung on it," counseled Ann Mary, who had come in, unheralded by a rap, as her hands were full of parts of one of Grandma's best caps. "An' have her carry a bit o' gum camphor in her pocket besides. It's good standin' off catchin' things."

"And there's no knowing how long th' fever'll stay on The Flats," assented Grandma.

"No, ma'am, there aint, but ye may be certain th' black-hearted pigs as owns th' rat holes thim canalers rints 'll niver be th' wans as catches what th' rat holes breeds," replied Ann Mary, with strong disapproval. "Sometimes I wonders if dacent folk's responsible for lavin' th' pigs to do as they plase. I do that."

CHAPTER XXIV

"SCARLET FEVER HERE"

"**T**HERE'S a big red card on the Dodson house, and it says in black letters—'Scarlet Fever Here. Keep Out!' and it's Della, and she's dreadfully sick," Josephine breathlessly announced, when she returned from Dr. Vandercook's funeral.

"But what do you think? I saw Mrs. Biles and Hannah going in!"

"That card's some of young Kendrick's doings, and's for young folks," said Grandma easily. "Of course, neighbors'll go in, those who neighbor with the Dodsons."

"But Grandma, Mrs. Thorne says the fever can be carried in clothes, so it's really unsafe for anyone to call there."

"Dear me! What are we coming to?" Grandma's voice was irritable. "It seems to me someone thinks he's discovered something every day that makes life more difficult. Only yesterday Hannah Biles was in here, and she said those awful, wheezing, snuffling colds your grandfather had in late summer were caused by ragweed, or perhaps it was may-

weed, and she said typhoid fever comes from bad water, and that it may come from milk with the germs in it. It seems there's something like a seed, I suppose, they call a germ. It don't sound reasonable to me—"

"Sure, ma'am, it's a tiligrim," said Ann Mary, who had come in without knocking, a sure sign she was stirred up. "An' ma'am, th' by's waitin', if there be an answer."

The old lady sank back in her chair, but Josephine sprang up, and seizing the envelope, tore it open. "Start this morning with the body of Major-General Worden. (Signed) Paul Dobard," was what she read aloud.

Without a word Josephine turned and ran up stairs to her own room where she dropped face downwards upon her bed. The world seemed to whirl around her. Even her own father had not always entered into her small interests with the sympathy and comprehension of her papa Worden. Perhaps because there was not upon him the same responsibility, there had been between them a gaiety and fellowship not in her relation to her own father. As she lay there rigid all the happy times she owed to her papa Worden passed through her thoughts like a panorama. And she had failed through her carelessness to bid him good-bye. It was impossible to think of his going, as she

thought of tender, wise, old Dr. Vandercook, now with his beautiful old wife and God, to whose service he had given his life. Papa Worden had joined Mamma Worden, to be sure, but her recollection of him was of a strong man full of fire and power. It did not surprise her that he had become a major-general. She wondered that he had not become commander-in-chief. And she had not answered his last kind note. Among his many cares he had found time to write to her. But she had thought herself too busy, with her music and work for the prizes, to take the time she had resolved should be given her next letter, since in that last note he had playfully admonished her to stop spelling which "witch." Her head throbbed. Her eyes felt dry and burning. Though the register sent up a steady current of hot air she shivered. All that she had been striving for seemed to lessen in importance. If she won a prize, if she did well in music, Papa Worden would not know and tell her his gladness. Grandma toiled softly up stairs, tapped, and receiving no answer, peered in, then went away. She did not quite understand the tender tie between Josephine and this second father, and feared to speak. A little later Ann Mary came, and dropping on her knees by the bed, put a warm, comforting

arm about Josephine's small body. "It's not an aisy world, darlint," she quavered, her voice running over less than half tones, making an odd suggestion of the chromatic scale. "It's mesilf knows. Whin I was eight me feyther hurt his inside delvin', an' soon after he died quick like you'd blow out a candle. Aye. He was a kind man, was feyther. Whin he'd put his arm about ye, ye'd feel nothin' mathered. He'd make all right. Well, an' about thin mither had a cough, an' there was th' rint, an' th' babby, an' me sister Sarah, an' Mikey, an' me. No rint, no roof's th' rule in Ireland. Th' feyther'd be going to England and Scotland in th' harvest time an' 'd bring back eight or nine pound till that last year, whin he hurted himsilf. 'Twas a poor place, an' a poor livin', but, praise God, it's folks makes a home, an' I niver sined I wasn't havin' quite iverything till th' feyther wint. It was three months after th' funeral we was put out an' all all our bit things on a barry, an' we started to walk to me uncle's at Geesala, hopin' he'd take us in. It's slow goin' wid weak or short legs an' pushin' a barry wid a cough an' a babby. Night found us on th' moor, an' there come a sea turn wid a cold rain, an' afore th' morn, wid no priest nor prayer, me mither wint. God rist her soul in glory!" Ann Mary's voice

had risen in pitch and had become a wail as she recalled that time of suffering and grief. "Aye, it's not an aisy world. I learned that young."

Josephine turned her head. Ann Mary had made her see the pictures she herself saw in memory, and she hid her face in that good woman's warm neck, at which Ann Mary drew her closer as she continued, "He was a brave man, your feyther Worden. It was Joel Ladd was tellin' as how he won his honors on th' battle-field, an' that his men loved him. Aye, child, it's great to have had th' love o' such as him! God give him peace, an' may th' heavens be his bed!" Ann Mary crossed herself and paused long enough to whisper a prayer. Devout Catholic, she held that people not of her faith needed her prayers far more than those of her own, who, of course, had a right to them. "It's a proud child you should be th' day, an' thankful. He loved ye. Wan had but to see him lookin' at ye. An' he was your own feyther's dearest friend. Mind ye remimber that, dear! You are all himsilf has in th' world now."

Ann Mary's words and presence brought the relief of tears to Josephine, and she wept convulsively until Ann Mary, aided by Daphne, who had come directly she had learned of

General Worden's death, undressed her, and after insisting she take a little broth, somehow crooned and rubbed her to sleep.

That night, while the cold made the roofs bang and sheeted the windows with frost, over the way Della Laprade, hopelessly ill from the first, died, and her agonized old grandfather followed her within the hour. Something deep down in Grandma Dobard was stirred, when Ann Mary brought the news to her bedside along with her breakfast. She had gone to school with Martha Dodson, though she had not crossed her threshold in almost forty years. Rising quickly, she cut every rose from her cherished bush in the dining-room, and selecting certain pots and bottles of jelly and cordial, she hurried over to her childhood friend. It was almost noon when, worn and agitated, she returned. Her bedroom fire was freshly replenished, and from beside it Josephine rose and greeted her with outspread arms. They held each other a moment. Then Josephine, burrowing if possible deeper into Grandma's cashmere gown, whispered, "I've missed you dreadful."

"And oh, how glad I am to have you!" cried Grandma, her lips white.

Though she had never admitted it even to Ann Mary, strange weaknesses and faintness

overtook Grandma occasionally, when for the moment the world floated away. The fatigue of the morning lay heavily upon her, but she would not acknowledge it. The wind had shifted and it had begun to snow as the day advanced.

"You, child, had best lie down," she counseled. "Mrs. Thorne will come directly after school, and she will sit with me."

"But, Grandma, I *want* to sit up, and to *be* with you, and to meet father." Josephine used the word "father" by intention. The relation had become too close and too solemn for the more childish "papa." "I want to be right here." So they sat huddling close, Grandma in her own easy chair, Josephine at her feet in the small chair that had once belonged to her vanished half aunt. Utter weariness overcame both, for Josephine was tired by her grief, and so it happened Dr. Dobard arrived, and the long parlor received the casket in which lay his dearest friend, before they wakened.

"I thought I'd meet you, father dear," sobbed Josephine, when she suddenly woke to find her father bending over her. "But I'm last. I think I must have a gift for being last."

Bronzed, his dark hair and beard two-thirds white, lean and hollow-eyed, the Doctor gazed

at Josephine, unmindful of her words. "Dear little girl," he said to himself. "My little girl who is soon to be a woman!"

Major-General Worden was laid beside his kindred in the small burial-ground at Pompey Hill. The snow was deep, and the grave was made with picks. Zekle Althouse and Simon Dodson insisted on going that the General might have a fitting musical salute. At the moment the coffin was lowered the sun came out with dazzling brightness. Then came a wind to pierce the bones that went quite to the marrow of the two elderly musicians.

Spring came suddenly, as the wise ones had said it would, after such a bitter winter, and in a fortnight the snow was gone save in sheltered nooks. It was too late for Zekle and Simon. They died within a few hours of each other, and a service for the two was held in the big Orthodox church.

"I want to go, Grandma," Josephine insisted at noon. "I know those examples at the back of the arithmetic must be studied, but I'd not feel right not to go to this funeral."

"But, child, you didn't know 'em," protested Grandma. "I don't want you to get in a habit of going to funerals. Folks do get such a habit. There's reason in all things."

"But, Grandma, their paying proper respect

to my papa Worden killed 'em. Their going up to Pompey Hill to do 'taps' for him was like the poor woman's ointment on the blessed Saviour's feet."

"Those men *have* acted noble and sensible since they come home from soldiering," admitted Grandma. "Althouse went right back to makin' pickles, though who buys pickles is beyond me, and Dodson went back to Sam Harrison to tailor."

"And you needn't worry about my getting into a *habit* of going to funerals," went on Josephine. "Inside I hate to go, for I love to feel all skippy and happy in my heart. When I go, it's 'cause I just *have* to, or feel mean."

"I can't let you feel mean," said Grandma, "but just now I'm anxious. Bina Forrest is down with scarlet fever. Perhaps there's something in these new-fangled ideas about its going in clothes."

"I ought to tell you something." Josephine grew red, as she went on. "Bina said it was pagan not to bid Della good-bye. She said she bade her dog good-bye after it was shot for being mad. She thinks black folks are just a kind of animal, a beast that can talk. All the same she was fairer than anyone about Della, and has always praised her, and said she was not to blame for the black dab in her, as she wasn't.

Well, when we came along from school, she said, 'Let's go in and bid Della good-bye.' "

"Josephine!"

"And I said, 'We ought to obey what the doctors say. Mrs. Thorne told us none of us must enter the Dodson house.' She said, 'You can stop at the gate if you are afraid. I'm going in,' and go she did. Of course, I wasn't going to take her dare, and I went. The people were all at lunch, and no one saw us. She turned back the cloth on Della's face, and oh, she looked beautiful, and Bina was bending to kiss her, when I caught her, and said, 'You kiss her, and I'll yell.' I think I looked pretty earnest, for she just said, 'Good-bye, poor dear!' and we left. I washed out my nose and mouth with camphor, and put on another dress that afternoon, and I told Bina she ought to do the same thing, but I don't think she did, for she's as obstinate as a government mule, as they say."

"Land o' man!" exclaimed Grandma, too excited to note her own or Josephine's language. "What will I do if you have fever!"

"I shan't. Don't you worry, Grandma. I simply shall not have it."

CHAPTER XXV

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE TULIPS

“**W**HAT do you think, girls?” Laura Shaw paused a moment while heads turned toward her. “Granny Ward’s awful sick, and out of her head quite, and she’s convinced, so she says, that Della Laprade broke off her tulips. You all remember when someone just went in that yard and broke off every one, about.”

“Rats!” Maria Fidelia Brierly shook an emphatic forefinger at Laura. “It was never Della. She never went on that side of the street, she was that afraid of Granny. And she was afraid of the dark, too. She never went errands for her, you know.”

“It’s easy accusing folks that can’t speak back,” said Agnes Benson, one of the newer pupils. Her father was pastor of the West side Methodist church. “My mother knows Della’s aunts, and she says, they say Della happened to be in Utica when those tulips were picked.”

“She never touched Granny Ward’s tulips,” began Josephine, who had listened to the talk

with consternation. "I—" Mrs. Thorne's bell rang imperatively. The big clock on the Orthodox steeple struck the half hour. The morning school session was to begin, and Josephine did not finish her sentence. Once in her seat beside the orderly little Agnes, it no longer seemed a simple thing to announce that she herself had wrecked Granny Ward's tulip beds. Grandma Dobard had so taken possession of Josephine's heart, she could not endure the thought of paining her, and it would pain her very much to know Josephine could be such a vandal. "She'll think I'm full of unexpected ugliness," Josephine told herself. "If Della was not in Ferndale when it happened, she was cleared of blame. But—" Over and over Josephine came up to that "but—" and did not know what to do. At the close of the afternoon session, she waited and walked home with Mrs. Thorne. She had often gone home with her since she had come to live in the Pardee house, and had slowly given over to her teacher the deep affection and trust she had bestowed upon Dr. Pardee and the Vandercooks. Just now there was a special reason for her going. Mrs. Thorne was helping her make some rather difficult crocheted lace which was to trim a cover for Grandma Dobard's dressing-table, and be

her birthday present. But it is impossible to count stitches when your head is buzzing with a dreadful secret. As long as no one spoke of it, she had not thought of it. Indeed, she had almost forgotten her destruction of Granny's tulips. But now when someone was in danger of being blamed for her act, it had become in truth a dreadful secret. Miss Sadwell had once spoken of Della as "sly." Perhaps she had been tempted into slyness by the way her world treated her. Miss Sadwell had always been too ready, Josephine remembered, to charge Della with mean motives and actions. This was a powerful reason that she should not lie under the shadow of a suspicion that she had wrecked Granny Ward's cherished tulips. Mrs. Thorne had moved about slowly, arranging curtains and books. At last she sat down just opposite Josephine, and putting her hands down upon her pupil's knees, pushed her back and forth in the huge rocker for a moment, before she said gently, "Well, dear, what is it?"

"It's about Granny Ward's tulips. I did it. I was just boiling mad because she refused us one little one. I'd done no end of errands for her, and we've no tulips, and—well, I didn't know about her mind. I skipped over when it was dusky, and I just snapped off the heads of

every one I could find. I made a good job, and Granny was so scared she fell sick. She thought those broken-off tulips were a sign she was going to die. But you see she didn't. That was when I first came. But now she is very sick, and she thinks Della Laprade picked 'em, and says so, and though folks know she is crazy, someone will believe her. And Della is dead, and cannot speak for herself, and though her aunts say she was in Utica and can prove it by letters, there'll be someone who'll think there's a kink somewhere. And then there's Grandma Dobard who'll be so 'shamed of me, and my onliest father who is sure to know! Oh, I wish I hadn't. How I wish it! And I don't know what to do." The words fairly fell over each other in Josephine's rapid speech, and at the last came in sobs.

Mrs. Thorne had bent forward and had taken Josephine in her arms. "I'm sorry," she said. "Very sorry."

"And the worst is, I wasn't sorry till now," said Josephine. "I don't know why, but I didn't see it then as I do now. I never once thought how it would hurt Grandma Dobard in her feelings, and the fathers. Papa Worden would just 'spise me," and again she sobbed.

"No, dear. He would dislike the action, but he would not despise you. He'd be sorry you

were such a—a young heathen.” Mrs. Thorne patted Josephine’s heaving shoulders. “I don’t think any good will be served by your publicly confessing what you did. But I can say publicly that the school records say Della Laprade was given leave of absence at that time to go with an aunt to Utica where she had her throat operated on for enlarged tonsils. I can say, too, that I know who the real culprit is, if you care to have me, though I think it unnecessary.”

“You must do what you think best,” said Josephine, after a moment’s thought. “What you think best, will be best.”

“And hereafter you’ll remember that when you don’t do right your friends who love you best, suffer,” said Mrs. Thorne gravely. “You don’t belong all to yourself. No one does who has a friend who loves him.”

The next morning after the reading of a Psalm and prayer, Mrs. Thorne read from Miss Sadwell’s day book the item that upon a certain May day, 1864, Della Laprade, suffering from enlarged tonsils, was excused to go to Utica for their removal by Dr. Shailer. As she finished the reading, Jerusha Brierly raised her hand for permission to speak, which being given, she said quietly, “Granny Ward died last night, and at the last, being quite herself,

mother asked her if she still thought Della Laprade picked her tulips, at which she said, 'Dear me, no. I guess somebody did to whom I refused them. I never did right with 'em, and was too much of a pig. But you see dear John set 'em out, and was watching to see what they would be when he died, and I've always watched, thinking he might be enjoying 'em too.' "

Tears filled Josephine's eyes, but no one noticed. There were tears in all eyes, for old Granny Ward's devotion to her husband, living and dead, was well known.

CHAPTER XXVI

FERNDALÉ'S HERO

“**Y**OU would do fine in a menagerie,” jibed Laura Shaw, derisively. “I never saw anyone so adored by animals.”

“It’s worth while being adored,” said Maria Fidelia Brierly. “I’d enjoy it from a scrub cat.”

“Animals usually have beautiful manners,” said Josephine quietly. “They usually behave as well as they know how, and if they seem to like you, you can trust it as real.”

It was recess. The April air was chill, and Miss Sadwell’s yard was damp. The girls were taking the only exercise possible, and pacing in twos up and down the pavement.

Two new members had wriggled into Grandma Dobard’s household. After long and vain watching for his friend, Dr. Pardee’s Nicodemus had one day run mewing loudly down the street to the Dobard barn. A week later Mrs. Thorne had moved into the Pardee house, but Nicodemus had by then won the tolerance of old Saunders by catching two mice and a rat, and had so won over Foxy, that that

fastidious beast allowed him to sleep in his manger. Mrs. Saunders, who all her life had wanted a cat, and been denied one by Adam, courted Nicodemus with tidbits. Ann Mary, when told of his mouse-catching, provided a snug-cushioned box in the woodshed for his comfort, and Josephine had cuddled him in her arms on every possible occasion. So Nicodemus not only remained in his new home, but, giving all his cat heart to Josephine, with an unreason not confined to cats, followed her up stairs and down when permitted, and even to school.

After the death of Mrs. Peck, Whig wandered about for a few weeks, growing always leaner and more timid, until he one day met Nicodemus waiting for Josephine under Miss Sadwell's steps. What Nicodemus told him, no one knows, but Whig followed Nicodemus home, keeping, of course, at a discreet distance. Ann Mary objected to having her neat porches tracked. But her heart was as soft as butter, and Whig's looks pleaded for him.

"My, but it's good luck to have a black dog come to you!" said Joel Ladd. "Of course Whig's legs are tan, but his back'll be black satin when he has good food."

"The hard times are no excuse for being hard to poor, bereaved animals," said

Grandma. So a box in the woodshed with straw and a warm mat were provided for the homeless one, and three times a day Ann Mary fed him. He accepted everything gratefully, and was obedient to the whole household, but like Nicodemus, he gave his heart to Josephine, and like him, followed her to school. More, he would have gone with her into the schoolroom, had he been permitted. Some of the older girls had gently teased her about her "followers," and Gideon, the Biles dog, had growled his disapproval the length of his fence. But no one had ever spoken disagreeably before Laura Shaw's comment.

"Meaning, of course, that I have bad manners," she retorted after a moment. "And that I'm not sincere like a good dog. Well, I wasn't brought up with Indians."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Rusha Brierly, "I'm ashamed of you—"

Shouts echoed down the street, and almost at the same moment the big Methodist bell began to boom. Two seconds, and the Orthodox bell began, the Seminary, the steel bell in the factory over the river, and then the peal in the spire of St. Patrick's went cling, clang, cling in a hurry perhaps of fear, perhaps of gladness, and directly after the big whistle of the paper mill set up a great roar and kept it up.

Mrs. Thorne put her pretty head out at a window. An elderly man, making such haste as he could walking with two canes, was coming down the opposite side of the street. "What is it?" she called, regardless of dignity. "Is it a big fire?"

"I ain't heard. Where is it?" replied the man, a hand at his ear.

"Why are the bells ringing?" shrilled Josephine.

"Ringing!" echoed the man, taking his hand from his ear, and moving on, one side at a time. "I was told a piece back Lee's surrendered. Mebbe it's true, though it seems too good to be."

It was Monday. All Ferndale of any consequence was washing. Long lines of white garments fluttered in the green yards, and along with the scent of young grass and opening leaves came whiffs of hot soapsuds. But boilers frothed over, and fires went out. Ladies never before seen outside their homes save in careful toilets, stood at their gates in gingham aprons and with up-rolled sleeves. By noon more news came. Ferndale had a hero. The despatch from Washington announcing his death had so named him. Walter Brierly, made Colonel for distinguished bravery in action near Petersburg, Virginia, April 2d, had

been severely wounded, and had died April 5th. Ferndale had never thought much of him. The older folk like Grandma Dobard had said he "lacked faculty." Carefully reared, a graduate of Princeton, he had studied law, but he had few clients, and life had fallen so heavily upon his wife, who has the daughter of the senator of the district, people had pitied her. But Walter Brierly had distinguished himself by one of the most gallant acts of the war. Ferndale's joy took on a keener edge. She would hold a solemn celebration that very afternoon. The ground was sodden from recent rain. But the occasion was too great for a roof. There must be a procession and exercises, and somehow it came to pass. The pupils in all the schools were in line from the A-B-C-D's of Miss Dill's Select School for Infants to the young ladies in the Seminary. Everybody marched, people who had never marched before and would never march again. Josephine, since she could not have a Brierly girl, walked with Agnes Benson. A week later she could not have told the route they went over. "We went 'round and 'round the town," she wrote her father the next day, "and oh, father dearest, I'm glad as possible the war is fit."

As if the flags fluttering everywhere were not enough, many of the girls tied their braids

with red, white and blue ribbons or pinned the colors upon their hats. Josephine made a tiny flag of old hair ribbons, and with the aid of Ann Mary's potato knife, fashioned a standard that held the small banner pertly erect upon her hat. Whig and Nicodemus set out with her, but marching is not for cats. Whig, however, kept at her heels the whole way, even when the band played.

The service in the park began with prayer. No less than three ministers prayed. The president of the village, Zenos Peck, presided, and of course he made a few remarks. Then the ministers in turn made remarks, save Dr. Lawrence, the new pastor of the Orthodox church and Father O'Sullivan, the Catholic priest. Dr. Lawrence had two sons in the army and had fainted that morning when the news came, so great was his joy, and as for Father O'Sullivan, all he could do was to sob for the very same reason, for his twin brother was in the army, twice wounded but still ready to fight. And the great crowd sang. Not war songs. Not even "John Brown," but hymns of sacred joy and thanksgiving. Even Caleb Shaw admitted it was a wonderful day. Bina Forrest sent a note to Josephine, saying she, too, was glad. "But I do not believe that General Robert E. Lee really surrendered," she wrote in conclusion.

"He probably decided that it is not wise for the Southland to fight longer, which is quite different from giving up, and shows his great mind."

"Great fiddlestick!" exclaimed Agnes Benson, to whom Josephine read the note. "Shows Grant had him. But isn't that just like 'em?" Agnes had a big brother in the Northern army.

It was Grandma's pleasant habit to have a grate fire in the sitting-room evenings until it was quite warm. She had also come to like to have Josephine prepare at least part of her lessons at the small table drawn up beside her own chair. This evening she was unusually silent while Josephine plodded through the Latin fable of the woman who owned a hen that laid daily a golden egg. At last something in her manner fixed Josephine's attention, and she said with much positiveness, "You are thinking of something very particular, Grandma. I feel you."

"Yes, dear, I am. For one thing I've been wondering if you fell asleep last night and left your lamp burning. Ann Mary says she is sure she filled it full in the morning, and it was quite empty this morning."

"No, I didn't fall asleep."

"Then you stayed up until past midnight?"

"I was up late, real late, I reckon."

"And what were you doing?"

"I was fighting with knots. A new girl, Agnes Benson, showed me how to throw the thread in making tatting, but every time it came a knot and would not work, so I just sat there on the floor, and tried, and tried, and tried, till I did it."

"Good. It's pretty work, and you can make yourself some handsome trimming."

"I don't believe I'll ever tat a tat. It don't seem worth the fuss. But you see I couldn't give in until I'd got it right. But was that lamp all you were thinking of?"

"No. I've been wondering if Madame Panallé isn't sister to McTavish. She looks very like him."

There was a long silence, during which Josephine devoted herself to her Latin.

At last Grandma resumed by saying, "What do you think?"

"She never told me she is kin to McTavish."

"I didn't ask you if you'd been told, but what you think," replied Grandma with spirit.

"I think, Grandma, that Madame believes she has more pupils if she is French," said Josephine slowly and growing very red. "Jerusha Brierly once told me Madame's husband was of a very nice French family, and that

Madame herself has had a difficult time since she was left alone to get all her living."

"Come here to me," commanded Grandma. When Josephine obeyed, Grandma clasped her in her arms, and kissed her on both cheeks. "You are quite right to keep still about what is not your affair. Madame is, I know, a good woman, and is said to be an excellent teacher. And the third thing on my mind is your father. There's room for him right here in Ferndale. Now that Dr. Pardee is gone I doubt if there is a physician who holds his profession as his religion. And there isn't one I call competent. I want your father to make the old name again stand for something in the county."

"God sind he may come back, and can do something for me sister Sarah's Tim," quavered Ann Mary, who had come in with a bucket of coals. "I'm afraid he'll niver be th' lad he was afore he was wounded. It's a big price has been paid to free th' nagurs."

"God must have thought them worth it," said Josephine. "He must have, to have let it cost so many, and my papa Worden."

CHAPTER XXVII

THE PRESIDENT IS KILLED

“**I**T’S th’ cap I always wear to the Ladies’ Aid,—” Grandma’s face was drawn and pale, for she had wakened with a headache. “An’ it’s plenty good enough, if it *has* been washed several times. It’s good Mechlin, and a pretty pattern. Dear me, I thought I paid strict attention when I took it apart, but with Lee’s surrender and this headache, and all, I can’t remember which is top and which bottom, an’ I wish Martha Vredder had it, but I don’t feel equal to taking it to her.”

“Let me go,” offered Josephine, and pressing herself affectionately against Grandma. “I have my music lesson by heart. Oh but it’s just lovely, that ‘Invitation to the Dance’!”

“But the Professor comes at nine, and perhaps you’d better look your work over.”

“I don’t need to. I can say the definitions of the major and minor scales backwards, forwards and sideways, and what’s better I can play all the scales and make them.”

“I hate to prink up in my best for the Ladies’ Aid,” explained Grandma. “You see, there’s a

good many comes, who can't afford new, real lace."

"I can go as easy as falling off a log, and I'll be back in no time."

The music lesson for that morning was difficult. Not only had Josephine to memorize the prelude to Weber's "Invitation to the Dance" and make an exhaustive study of the scales in various modes and manners, but she must also have well under her fingers the difficult primo of the Wedding March in Mendelssohn's *Midsummer's Night Dream*, arranged for four hands. Jerusha Brierly was studying the secondo, and the duet, as well as the Weber number, was to be played at the public concert given by the Professor's pupils in June. Aside from her natural love for music, Josephine had several new reasons for exertion. Her father might arrive in Ferndale in time to hear her. And Mr. Knox, now Dr. Knox, had arrived, and with him was his son, quite too tall now to be called Johnny. They had come East by way of Panama, because age and hardship had weakened the old minister, who was to have a home with his daughter, Mrs. Thorne, now definitely settled in the Pardee house.

"I wish I had more own folks," Josephine whispered to herself and the still convenient

Virginia Carter. "Mrs. Thorne said her father's hair was 'like thistle-down,' and said she, 'Thistle-down easily floats away.' Grandma's like that, too. She grows whiter and whiter."

Intent upon her own thoughts, she failed to notice the signs of excitement on the street until the tones of one talking group made Whig growl. On the main thoroughfare, on which stood the post-office, banks, and principal shops, these groups were everywhere, and so impressed Whig, that he kept close to Josephine's side, instead of frisking off to pass the time of day with other dogs abroad. Miss Vredder's shop was full of women, early as it was. And it was plain they were not customers. All seemed talking at once, and Miss Vredder was frankly wiping her eyes, while exclaiming into space, for no one appeared to listen to her, "Nothing awfuller could have happened! No, sir! Nothing awfuller! Mark my words it's as awful for the South as for the North!"

"What is it?" asked Josephine of a short, stout woman near the door.

"Sure it's th' President himself. Some say he was at the thay-ater, but I'm not belavin' it, an' it Good Friday." Kindly Mrs. O'Dowd crossed herself, and muttered a prayer. Her husband and two brothers were with Grant,

and she bore herself with great dignity, though she still wore the great canvas apron she had put on, to go the rounds of the offices she daily scrubbed.

"I don't understand," persisted Josephine.

"I've allays said th' South'd get him," shrilled a tall, sallow woman in dark violet calico. "I don't know nothin' about Good Friday or popish doings, but I'm no friend to play-actin'. If he'd be'n home, it's likely he'd be'n here now, though there was Seward, an' they got him."

"Don't let's set in judgment," protested soft-voiced Mrs. Caleb Shaw. She had one front tooth, and a form like a feather bed. "Th' President's been a dreadfully burdened man, an' as for Good Friday, likely's not, he didn't know more about it 'n I did, till I had 'flamatory rheumtiz, an' had one o' th' Bogue girls in to help. She explained how her church keeps th' day on account o' th' crucifyin' o' th' Lord. It's th' livin' truth, I was sixty-one afore I knew Good Friday from any other Friday."

"I wasn't brought up to keep Good Friday either," interposed Miss Vredder. "My folks were all Presbyterians. As for plays, th' last time I was in New York after goods, who did I run into but th' Utica Chapins; you know, the relations of Mrs. Pol-

luck Jones. Nothing would do but I must go to hear 'The American Cousin' with them. Their only son and their son-in-law was with Sherman, and they were worried to pieces. But Elmer says to me, 'We have to go on livin', Martha.' He's my second cousin on mother's side. 'An' what's more, if we can be made to forget ourselves for a few minutes, we'll be better able to bear what may be comin'.' An' I mus' say the play did us all good. It's likely th' President felt he needed rest for th' jobs ahead. An' what's more, he had to think of Mrs. Lincoln."

"I'm afraid Mr. Johnson will have more than his hands full," said a very dignified old lady who had just come in with Jerusha Brierly, and was no less a person than Grandaunt Fidelia. Her "difficulty" was apparent. She walked with a cane, a gold-topped one, but still a cane, a support no woman had ever used in Ferndale, no matter how lame she might be. "To bring order and prosperity back to this country calls for a large-minded, wise man and though well meaning, Mr. Johnson has never struck me as either large-minded or wise."

All faces were turned toward the speaker, who was the widow of the Hon. Philander Scrann, long an ambassador to some country in

Europe, from which region she had brought back a bright black wig, her cane, many rings, and the rheumatism.

"I'm 'fraid you're right," assented Mrs. Shaw. "An' I'm 'fraid, too, this awful thing ain't goin' to make th' North feel any too pleasant toward th' South. The new President 'll need grace, an' he'll need to steer a careful course. I do p'sume a good many'll feel like stompin' pretty hard on what's left o' what they called their Confederacy."

"If th' South didn't hire Booth, they pintedly sicked him on," cried the sallow woman in violet calico, her voice quavering discordantly. "Nobody can soft-soap th' South to me. They're capable o' anything down there, I believe." The poor creature broke into loud weeping and was gathered into the strong arms of Mrs. O'Dowd. Everyone pitied Mrs. Fowler, whose husband had died in Andersonville.

"There, there! Nobody soft-soaps nothin'," comforted Mrs. O'Dowd, regardless of grammar, and patting the shaking, bony shoulders. "Be sure whatever part th' South's had in this divilmint, she'll pay for dear. God's above yit. You'll see."

"I guess I never realized what Lincoln was." Miss Vredder spoke as one making a public confession of wrong-doing. "My

nephew Tom Von Zant says th' South 'll miss his great heart even mor'n th' North 'll miss his calm judgment."

The clock in the great church spire struck the half hour. Louisa Cliff, just home from Albany, and expensively dressed, had come in and stood close by Josephine. The temptation was too great. "I'm glad old Abe Lincoln's shot," she hissed into Josephine's delicate ear. "An' I'm glad he's dead. My father don't think any more of him now'n he did of him alive. Hurrah for Wilkes Booth!"

Forgetful of Grandma's cherished lace, forgetful that she might be giving plain proof of being brought up with "wild Indians," Josephine whirled and brought her right hand with its package down with a sounding slap upon Louisa's cheek. In a flash Louisa had caught Josephine's arms at the elbow in a vice-like grip, and being both taller and stronger, she shook Josephine so fiercely her hat fell to the floor, along with the package of lace. Neither made any sound, but their eyes shot fire. As near as two pretty young misses can look like young demons, they did. Just what might have happened, had not the scandalized women separated them and Whig set sharp teeth in Louisa's right foot, cannot be imagined.

"Who began it?" demanded Grandma, who

had heard the story much embellished by Ann Mary. "Begin at the beginning."

"I'd been trying to make out what had happened when Louisa spoke right in my ear. She said she was glad th' President's been killed."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Grandma, rocking jerkily. "And what next?"

"I struck her. I couldn't help it. An' she grabbed me, and they made her go home."

"Your arms prove she grabbed you, but you're getting to be a big girl." There was a long silence, then Grandma continued, "When I was your age, I thought myself a young lady. Do you? Are you going to strike people who vex you all your life?"

"I don't know."

"You don't? Well, well!"

Again there was silence, broken only by the ticking of the clock, and the whining of Whig, just outside in the dining-room. He had taken to sitting with Grandma, and wheedled her into letting him join her, by whining in a certain coaxing way.

"I s'pose you are sorry?" There was a sharp line of inquiry between Grandma's handsome brows.

"No. Not a bit."

"But you are sorry you made a spectacle of yourself."

"There's not a bit of sorry in me. Honest there isn't." Josephine's tone carried conviction. "I'd make more of a show of myself to give her a whack that would hurt."

Again there was silence, which Whig so improved that Grandma rose and admitted him. He came in mincing, head and tail lowered, but once on the cushion Grandma had provided for his use, he took on his usual pridefulness. Grandma ran a knitting-needle under her "hypocrite" and scratched her head vigorously, a sure sign she was puzzled into forgetting herself.

"People will say you have a horrid temper. They'll say, too, that you've had no bringing up." Grandma spoke gravely and quietly. "Your people will be blamed for not teaching you self-control."

"I've had th' best of bringing up!" cried Josephine explosively.

"They'll say I haven't done my duty by you." A quiver ran over Grandma's delicate old face. "You see to strike Louisa Cliff is different from striking one of your own mates."

"None of my mates would have done what she did."

"Exactly."

"Aaah! I see." Josephine clasped Grandma about the neck, regardless of her new muslin

collar, and kissed her first on one cheek, then upon the other, then added, "I'll do anything you say, short of telling Lousia I'm sorry."

"With the President shot in cold blood, I don't think you are called upon to go that length," decided Grandma. "But we may lose Whig. They say he bit Louisa. A man was here asking Ann Mary for him this afternoon."

"And what will they do to him?"

"Shoot him."

"Oh, Grandma! I wish I were a man!"

"Men can't always strike those who richly deserve it. We have to learn to keep still. As for Whig," Grandma looked down at the dog with the cunning of a mother fox, "we'll see. But the next time remember unwise actions may have as many disagreeable consequences as bad ones."

CHAPTER XXVIII

AT THE CONCERT

“**I** WISH with all my heart I hadn’t!”
“Hadn’t what?” Grandma looked up over her glasses at Josephine with wistful tenderness.

“Hadn’t struck Louisa Cliff—”

“They’ll never get Whig. Joel an’ Ann Mary’ll outwit ’em,” interrupted Grandma.

“I’m not fretting about Whig, though he certainly is a traveled dog. Louisa has scarlet fever, and Rusha Brierly says, the doctor they had up from Utica to see her, didn’t give them much hope.”

“Your striking her didn’t give her the fever, and it’s plain nature to be hateful to those who are hateful to us, though of course it is not well-bred.” Grandma smiled sadly, then added, “Louisa’s had little or no training. Her mother’s not qualified to give it.

“Well, I’ve been brunged up enough,” began Josephine.

“You mean brought up,” corrected Grandma. “A child’s not to blame that she has not been taught.”

"Well, there's things you don't need to be told," argued Josephine, "like being kind. Louisa's hateful because she enjoys it."

"No doubt. But had her mother been a lady, she would have learned by now, how ugly hatefulness is. A little girl is taught the beauty of kindness and good behaviour by living with a lady. That is why I blame myself, when I see a fault in you."

"You shall not blame yourself. There's my feelings—and school—and I've not been with you always. And I often feel like two people. One wants to be good as—as—the saints, and the other wants to scratch and bite and kick."

"Well, try and keep that scratching, biting, kicking self under control. But where, pray tell me, was the Cliff girl exposed? She's just back from Albany and the cases on the Flats are all over with."

"She was at Miss Vredder's, and Bina's been down in the salesroom every day since she's been up and around. Dr. Kendrick says when one is peeling is just the time to give the fever."

"Well, Kendrick seems to have a good many new ideas if he does tell about people's being 'amaciated' and 'igorant,' " said Grandma.

"Sure ma'am, don't ye think a body's liable to talk th' way he heard whin he was little," said Ann Mary, who had just come in with a

hod of coal. "It's five an' twinty year I've lived wid yoursilf, an' a body'd think I'd 'ave lost whativer brogue I had whin I come, but whiles I know I spake a bit loike th' auld sod. An' savin' your prisence I stipped in to tell ye, Whig's home again an' his chain hangin' to 'im, an' he's that thin th' craytur he'd not cast a shadder, bad cess to thim as let him starve!"

"Joel's people would never let Whig starve," interposed Josephine. "It's likely he starved himself, and they loosed his chain to bring him home, and he got away."

"Well, now't he's here again, whativer shall I do wid him, ma'am?" demanded Ann Mary of Grandma.

"Put him in the back kitchen. An' give him warm milk at first. A dog that's run eleven miles twice to get back to his home and friends is worth taking care of. An' if anyone comes asking about him, you call me."

No one came asking for Whig. The Cliff family were all too busy trying to keep life in Louisa, who after the fever had spent itself had other troubles brought on by it. Even the noted specialist her father called at great expense from New York could give them no hope that she would ever hear.

As a reward for her diligence, though she did not know it, Prof. Schimilfinig at the last

moment put Josephine down for a third appearance upon his concert program. It was no less than the difficult second primo of a trio from one of Mendelssohn's symphonies. Agnes Benson had the easy secondo, Jerusha Brierly the easy first primo. Josephine's part bristled in some places with accidentals and cadenzas and in others had groups of five notes to be played in the time of two. Jerusha was always a trifle fast and was prone to rubatos when no such liberty was indicated in the text. Agnes was short-sighted and a slow reader. It was difficult to sit between the two and keep time. Every day the little professor came to hear them practise, now at the Dobard home, now at the Brierlys', for, since Grandaunt Fidelia had decided to make their home hers, they had the use of her huge square piano, a yellow-keyed affair, which she called "an instrument" and whose carved legs she kept shrouded in cambric bags. Sometimes the professor was patient and hopeful. Oftener he snorted and fumed, and if at the Brierlys' kicked into the cambric bags muttering to himself in German, "My God in heaven, what have I done to be so tormented!"

All days come at last. Jones Hall was trimmed with garlands of cedar and oak leaves. Two grand pianos, their covers uplifted in a com-

manding manner, stood upon the stage. The little professor, in evening clothes that seemed a size too large for him, a white vest, and white gloves long in the fingers, tried to be everywhere at once. Some of his pupils, excited by the crowd and the occasion, did better than their previous best. Of this number was Josephine. Other pupils were unnerved, and did worse than ever before, of these were Agnes Benson and Jerusha Brierly.

"How did you manage to keep so cool? Oh, you did beautiful!" exclaimed Agnes, hiding a tear-wet face upon Josephine's pink barage shoulder.

"The professor said I've no more music in me than a cow," wailed Jerusha upon the other shoulder. "He said I am a three-story fool in the trio."

"He put me out with his snorting," said Agnes.

"And Aunt Fidelia looked awful!" sighed Jerusha. "She kind o' glared every time I looked up. And I had to see her. She was right before me. She thinks I look like her, and therefore I ought to be musical. As if you could be musical by wanting to be! If you aren't, you aren't. So!"

"That's what I say," chimed in Agnes. "Poor papa and mama want me able to play the

organ. Organists are expensive, and church folks like to get a minister whose family can do everything. And they want me able to teach. Oh, the poor dears! Fancy me teaching music! I've got to earn my living as soon as possible! Oh, dear!"

"Aunt Fidelia wants me to teach music." Jerusha shuddered. "She says it's genteel. I'd rather scrub floors."

"Don't mind so," comforted Josephine. "I don't believe people noticed as you think. They are not used to trios. And it wasn't so bad."

"Wasn't it! And don't tell me folks didn't notice!" Jerusha's face became grim. "Aunt Fidelia noticed. She used to play beautifully before she had rheumatism in her fingers. She's a sharp one. She bounces at you with awful questions, as to the essential difference of quality between the music of Beethoven and that of Mozart, or Wagner, and how to modulate from one key to another." The possibilities ahead were so unpleasant, Jerusha again sought comfort on Josephine's shoulder.

"And mother never missed one of my breaks," sobbed Agnes. "I wouldn't feel so awful if I didn't so want to please her and father."

"You'll never do anything if you sit down and cry afore things, and say you can't," said

Josephine with sudden impatience. "What's th' use of giving up, when you've just begun?"

"I guess I'm chicken-livered," said Jerusha with a clearing-up sniff. "But you see anything that don't please Aunt Fidelia is like the Townes. Mother was a Towne."

"A singular place for spots," observed Grandma, laying a hand first upon one shoulder then upon the other. "What did you get into the evening of the concert?"

It was Sunday morning, and the second time Josephine had worn the pink barage.

"I reckon that's where the girls cried on me at the concert," admitted Josephine after examining herself in the long mirror.

"Cried on you!" echoed Grandma.

"Agnes Benson and Jerusha Brierly felt crushed. They did stumble pretty bad."

"No reason why they should spot up your pretty new dress." Grandma turned Josephine about, that she might see the full extent of the damage. "With prices where they are, folks should use some judgment as to what they cry on."

"I liked it." Josephine, turning very red, leaned close against the old lady. "Not having any sisters or cousins, why—I liked it, that they cared enough for me to cry on me."

Grandma made no reply but put her arms

about Josephine for a moment and held her close. "Manda Pratt made some knots of pink satin ribbon for the shoulders of this dress and we thought it looked quite well enough without them," she said, after a little. "I'll pin them on today and tomorrow I'll sew them on. Friends are a long way ahead of frocks."

CHAPTER XXIX

GRADUATION EXERCISES

THE closing exercises of Miss Sadwell's school were always held in the big Orthodox church. For the occasion a platform was built out over the altar rail and the four front pews. This was covered with carpet. Along the old-fashioned gallery were hung garlands of fragrant cedar. Blixly's orchestra came all the way from Syracuse with violins, flutes, oboes and a cornet, to furnish the music, and sat in the choir seats by the great organ. The hair-cloth sofa, that ordinarily stood against the wall behind the preacher's desk, was wheeled out and became the seat of state for the essay readers, who went up in twos "just as the animals entered the ark," Agnes Benson told Josephine. After four essays had been read the audience were refreshed by music, and rose and turned about to look at the musicians, who were well worth gazing at, especially old Blixly, who weighed nearly three hundred pounds. Miss Sadwell, stately in black satin, Mrs. Thorne, beautiful in lilac crape, and Madame Panallé, brilliant in green taffeta, sat upon the left.

Madame also wore a head-dress of ribbon and artificial lilacs, that Miss Vredde said was "perfectly French." It certainly made her unusual, and anew impressed the plain folk of Ferndale with her foreign extraction. Even more than Miss Sadwell, Madame, in their eyes, stood for what they craved for their girls, and vaguely named "advantages." On the right of the sofa sat Dr. Lawrence, the pastor of the Orthodox church; Mr. Cobb, the new rector at St. John's; Mr. Benson, father of Agnes and Matilda; Judge Polluck Jones, and just behind them and beside a huge flowering oleander in a tub, little Dr. Flandreau of Pompey Hill. These gentlemen had been invited by Miss Sadwell to act as judges in the prize contests in arithmetic and composition. Mr. Littlejohn had intended being present himself but as he was detained at home, he had written out his wishes to guide the committee. The mathematical problems presented to the pupils during the examination were to be drawn from sources unknown to them. The essays read at the exercises called "The Exhibition," must not go through the hands of a teacher, but be handed to the committee with all their faults, if such they had. Grace and charm of expression and originality of thought must be considered even more than mere correctness of

form. Josephine and Bina went first of the younger set. Josephine, as usual when deeply moved, was quite white even to the lips when she took her seat. Bina, very composed, spread out her skirts with perfect self-possession. Miss Sadwell not only smiled at Josephine, who was to read first, but there came into her waxen cheeks the delicate flush of color that meant her heart was warm with emotion, and somehow Josephine knew it meant love for her. Madame Panallé paused in the act of fishing out a cardamon seed from her bead bag and gave her a quick nod that meant "Courage," and Mrs. Thorne's large dark eyes shone with the same wish, as Judge Polluck Jones in a booming voice announced that "Miss Josephine Dobard will read an essay upon Home."

"I've been told I have chosen a subject upon which nothing new can be said." Her hands trembled a little, but Josephine's voice rang clear and musical. "Perhaps this is true. But it should be remembered that I have not lived long enough to make my thoughts very valuable upon any subject. On the other hand, the world and everything in it is quite as new to me as it was to Adam. If the world were just made, and I the first girl in it, all could not be newer.

“Webster’s dictionary says, ‘one’s home is his dwelling, his house, or residence.’ That sounds as if the principal part of the home were the roof and walls of stone, brick, or wood. I like better the form the French folk use for home. They say, ‘Chez nous’ with us, or ‘Chez moi’ with me, or ‘Chez vous’ with you, meaning our home, my home, your home. They feel that people make the home. It seems to me without people that love you, a house is not a home at all, but just—a house.

“The first home I remember was built of logs, and looked out on a great expanse called ‘The Parade,’ because the soldiers went through their drills there. Beyond that was a stockade, also of logs, and then there were roses, and roses, and roses, and the Columbia river, many times as wide as Fern river, the cause of so many squabbles here in Ferndale. Miles beyond the river were mountains. Some always glimmered with snow. Others became quivery blue in summer. Others lower and nearer were green. I cannot tell you how beautiful all were. One has to see some things to know what they are really like. Words cannot describe, and pictures do not show all, or even part of, what your eyes can see. Post Klamas held a good many soldiers, for the country was full of Indians, and is yet, I dare say. Some

were good friends, but usually you could not trust them. If you stopped being careful or wandered about outside the stockade you ran the risk of losing your scalp and your life. Everybody had to know how to ride a horse and how to shoot off guns, even the ladies.

"My father Doctor tried to keep everybody well. My father, Captain Worden, commanded a troop of cavalry. When I think of my way-off home, my thoughts center upon my mamma Worden and my fathers and the kind Sergeant he was then, but he is now Captain McTavish, whom most of you have seen." Something seemed to close Josephine's throat for a moment as her thoughts dwelt upon the past, forever vanished. The great audience was so still the buzzing of a bumblebee on one side of the long windows, beyond which hung a honey locust in bloom, could be plainly heard. When at last Josephine could control her throat and began reading more than one pair of eyes were full of tears. "When we came East we were a long time upon the ship, and that too, began to be a home. I was not sick a moment and Captain Barnes and his wife were very good to me. But I would not care to have my onliest home, a ship upon the sea. Captain Barnes said, 'The land is so dusty I have a sore throat

when I'm ashore, and often trouble with my nose. Give me a good steady boat!' We had a very high sea when he said this, and going up and down stairs was an adventure, and all the dishes on the tables were set in racks to keep them from falling on the floor. So you see sailors love their wandering homes. I am very happy in my Ferndale home, and have grown more and more happy since Grandma thinks I know enough to do a few things to help, as dusting, feeding Whig and Nicodemus, our dog and cat, and filling vases with flowers. I am very sorry for people who must always live in other people's houses, or who must have everything done for them. It is pleasantest to live in your own house and do things for people. I am still more sorry for people who spoil their homes by being cross and unkind. One cannot be happy in a grand castle if scolded and snapped at, or if the castle be untidy and dirty. A good home means constant work and care by somebody.

"I hope when I grow up I shall be able to travel about and see a good deal of what Virgil calls 'the orb of the earth.' But I want a home of my very own to come back to. I hope I shall have my own people to love, for as I have said before, without people you love you cannot have a home, only a house."

Bina's new muslin had been made a trifle longer than her other frocks and she had a new salmon-colored sash and hair ribbons. She tucked her lace-trimmed handkerchief into her belt as she rose, and looked about with great deliberation. Secretly frightened, she did not show it by a tremor. The fever had taken her pretty long hair, but the new crop had come in thick and curling, and she made an engaging picture, and—knew it. Her subject was "Flowers," and she had not read many sentences before it was painfully apparent Mrs. Thorne's blue pencil had not weeded any adjectives from her essay.

"What is more entrancing than a flower?" she began. "And in what marvelous variety have these exquisite and wonderful creations been lavished upon the earth! Somewhere I have read this, 'Flowers are ever mute preachers of the divine, and incentives to the pure and noble.' Possibly the splendid wealth of bloom in my beloved and now desecrated Southland may have an intimate connection with its lofty and spotless standards of honor, its always perfect chivalry of action."

The Rev. Mr. Benson cleared his throat noisily at this point and clasped his hands first about his very round stomach, then about his right knee, while Dr. Lawrence, who was tall and

lean, nervously crossed his right leg over the left, then reversed the process, while scowling severely at Madame Panallé just opposite. "Never shall I forget my last view of the noble magnolias standing before my beloved Southland ancestral home. The splendid trees were set round and round with milk-white cups, whose delicious perfume filled the balmy air. In a few days, expanding into royal blossoms, the heavy petals would fall open, revealing the clustering stamens, pink-tipped, like some kinds of matches. Beyond the circling row of great magnolias opened the stately avenue leading to the big road, and this was lined with Pride of India trees, and when I last passed down that beautiful drive, the India trees hung full of lilac flowers, also giving out perfume delightful, unforgettable. In the opens the azaleas were still pink as dawn, and further in the thickets were Judas trees like pink-purple clouds, and dogwoods white as milk, while the exquisite sweet bay tree filled the air with its delicious incense. Further on we passed through pine woods where Atamasco lilies swayed their shining white cups, beautiful enough to serve as chalices upon the altar of the Lord. Along the roadside the marvelous passion vine, whose green and violet blossoms bear the emblems of the suffering of the world's

Saviour, lavished its beauty along with the yellow jasmine, and the sensitive brier, whose leaves and rose-pink balls of bloom are wilted by a touch. Inside the tall snake fence were golden cacti and great bunches of oxalis, of the sort ladies cherish in baskets during the winter months here in Ferndale. Invading hirelings may burn the Southland's stately and beautiful homes, slay her knightly sons, and break the hearts of her beautiful and accomplished daughters, while mothers pine away from hopeless grief into the dark and lonely grave, but the ruthless invader, if he destroy all else, cannot totally ravage from her lofty and aristocratic brow, her glorious crown of beautiful flowers."

There was more in the same strain. Dr. Flandreau, winking very hard as he did when puzzled by a very sick patient, drew his chair forward regardless of a wrinkle in the carpet. Dr. Lawrence crossed and uncrossed his legs many times. Judge Polluck Jones chewed nervously at a bit of licorice, and the Rev. Mr. Benson almost wriggled his chair off the platform. As Bina sat down a strange sigh passed over the audience, repressed, but still audible. The North wanted to be fair-minded, even magnanimous. But President Lincoln had been dead less than two months. People were not

quite ready to hear about the nobility of soul of the Southern people, nor even to do justice to the beauty of her flowers.

The orchestra played Schumann's "Dreams." Other pupils came up and read. The minutes ran into hours. At last the exercises were over and it was time for the committee's report. Judge Jones had been made chairman, and as he read his voice again boomed quite as it did when he was upon the bench and passing sentence, or giving a verdict. After saying a word of commendation for every essay, he continued, "We at first felt it unwise to give two prizes to one person. But second thought told us a prize won is won, and there our responsibility ends. Though the youngest of her class, Miss Jerusha Brierly has won the senior prize in mathematics. The junior prize is awarded to Miss Josephine Dobard. The senior prize in composition is awarded Miss Matilda Benson. The junior is unanimously given Miss Josephine Dobard. Will these young ladies please step forward."

"It feels like a dream," said Josephine, when later she stood by the church door with her father, who had arrived just in time to hear her essay. "I also feel greedy to have both junior prizes, in spite of what the Judge said, that 'a prize won is won.' " She glanced at her father's

arm on which were piled Irving's "Life of Washington" in four volumes, and "Tennyson's Poems," in two.

"You needn't feel anything of the sort," said Fidelia Maria Brierly, who had worked hard for the prizes. "Our family's satisfied," and she glanced admiringly at her sister Jerusha, a few steps away, holding a fine edition of Chamber's "English Literature."

"And the Bensons are entirely satisfied," put in Agnes Benson, pointing at her older sister, who was displaying Mrs. Browning's poems in blue and gold.

"Of course a Southern girl would stand no chance with a Northern committee," Bina Forrest murmured bitterly to Miss Vreder who had come to join her.

"Fiddlestick!" Miss Vreder's opinions were always close to the tip of her tongue. "I wish to mercy you'd 'a' let me see your piece afore you read it! I knew your cake was dough the minute I heard that about 'invading hirelings.' Mercy to me! I've always sympathized with the South, but I never was such a ninny as to think the government hadn't the right to make them secedin' states keep in th' Union. If you'd stuck to your text you'd 'a' won. Mr. Cobb praised your knowledge of the flowers of the South to me, an' said he wished he knew as

much of the trees and flowers right about here."

"I'd like to give Bina Forrest my Tennyson books," said Josephine to her father as they walked slowly homeward. She had seen Bina's face and guessed her bitter feelings. "I think she used beautiful words in her essay."

"You may give her some books just like these if you wish, but not these." The Doctor touched the books upon his arm. "You fairly earned these. More, they tell me, my little girl has studied and thought."

CHAPTER XXX

A NEW MOTHER

“**I** THINK you should know something you don’t or at least don’t appear to,” said Fidelia Brierly, drawing her pretty brows together in an anxious pucker.

“Since Aunt Fidelia came the goings on of ‘The First’ are known right away at our house.”

“I wish I knew exactly what people mean by ‘The First,’ ” exclaimed Josephine, unmindful of the “something she should know.” “Grandma talks about ‘The First’ and as they are always old families, I suppose their grandparents were the first folks to come to Ferndale.”

“When Aunt Fidelia talks about ‘The First’ she means people of the most consequence, like your grandmother, and us, and the Bileses.”

“Oh!” assented Josephine absently. She had been dancing along the box-bordered way leading to the broad flight of steps, by which one ascended to the chapel floor of Ferndale Seminary, in which she had become a pupil.

Unable because of ill health to open her

school as usual in September, Miss Sadwell had decided to rest for a year. Changes in the Seminary faculty opened a place for Madame Panallé, and Mrs. Thorne was to act as preceptress until the return of Miss Bramhall from Europe, which might be in early November. It was a golden October morning. Beyond the box border verbenas, protected at night from the frost, still showed scarlet, white and purple stars. The park before the Seminary seemed hung about with Spanish flags. The tall white oak, before the entrance gate, sent down a shower of sweet acorns at every gust of wind.

"What is it I should know?" demanded Josephine after a moment's waiting.

"Has no one hinted anything to you?"

"No, Sissy. When people hint I make 'em tell me what's on their minds," replied Josephine carelessly. Then she began dancing and singing the old rhyme, "I'll take nimble steps like David. Oh, I'll take nimble steps like David. Oh, I'll take lively steps like David, and show the Christian folk how he behaved!"

"Well, let's have it," she continued. "One minute, two minutes, and I'm not told yet."

It was Saturday. The two had been at the Seminary practising a duet that demanded two pianos. Just then Prof. Schimilfinig came

in at the gate, and Josephine, remembering that Fidelia Maria was prone to make very small matters into something large, turned and skipped homeward. The French windows in the Dobard long parlor stood wide open and showed it quite empty save for a tall young man in white duck clothes and a paper cap, who was briskly whistling a jerky tune, known as "Captain Jinks," as he rapidly and dextrously spread paste upon wall-paper carefully arranged upon a long table contrived of two planks and two wooden horses. He had been at work a fortnight, and with his short, red-faced assistant, had already wrought wonders up stairs and in Grandma's room. In fact he began in Grandma's room, that she might have, as she said, "a place where she could hear herself think."

The heavy plaster ornamentations about all the chandeliers had been removed, and in her room the dark paper had been soaked off, to give place to a paper all white and blue and silver. There were lace curtains and silk hangings and a new carpet all to match. Grandma told Ann Mary, if the whole house was going to become as pretty as her own room, it would be quite good enough for the President, or a queen. She was very happy that her step-son had decided to remain in Ferndale and to

occupy Dr. Pardee's office until such time as Pardee Thorne could occupy it with him. Josephine's little triumph had also made her happy, and the flutter and effort of making the house fresh with paint, paper and some new furnishings was a dear delight. But she was often strangely tired, and she even admitted to Ann Mary, that once at least, she had had "queer feelings." Often she would fall asleep in her chair and would snore loudly, when Ann Mary would slip in quietly and watch that she did not fall. And she grew more and more forgetful.

For reasons he did not reveal Whig gave up following Josephine to school after she became a pupil at the Seminary, and attached himself more and more to Grandma, who took secret comfort in his company, and often spoke of him as a truly wonderful animal.

When Josephine came in he sat before Grandma's door, his nose pressed close against the line it made with the casing, and every now and then he whined sorrowfully and as if to himself. No answer coming to her gentle tap, Josephine carefully turned the knob. Grandma sat in her accustomed place before the fireplace, in which coal was burning. The white marble mantle had been replaced by a mantle of carved mahogany. Grandma's easy chair

had been newly covered with a blue, white and silver silk that made a beautiful background for her head. Her knitting lay in her lap. She made no sound when Whig pressed against her knees and cried, nor yet when Josephine laid her hand upon her wide white brow. She did not breathe.

Two weeks later Josephine went to the railway station with Bina Forrest, who after almost three years' absence, was to return to her Southern home.

"Of course I don't know what's before me," said Bina at parting. "I'm afraid there's nothing very pleasant. But relations-in-law are often lovely. Uncle Polluck Jones, for all he is so stern to look at, has been mighty kind. I only hope the aunt-in-law, I'm to live with for a time, will be as nice. She's a widow. Most nice ladies are in the Southland. And I hope things will turn out happy for you. Write after a bit and tell me how everything is going."

"I will," promised Josephine, feeling vaguely that Bina seemed to speak out of a knowledge of her affairs she herself did not possess.

On her return home she sought her father, determined to ask him if he knew what these obscure hints meant. He was not to be found. All old Saunders could tell her was that some-

one from Pompey Hill had come to carry the Doctor off to a consultation, and that he had said as they rolled out of the yard, that he might not return until mid-afternoon. Not knowing what else to do she looked about for Ann Mary and found her in the frost-bitten garden pulling some turnips for a soup she was compounding.

"Folks have talked to me lately as if something was going to happen to me," Josephine began. "Do you know what they mean?"

"Things is allus happenin'," parried Ann Mary, as she rose heavily, brandishing her potato knife. "From th' time we's born till we die, we're liable to have somethin' happen us."

"But this is something special. Fidelia Maria Brierly was going to tell me what it was and she didn't. It was the day I found dear Grandma. She said I ought to know. Now if there's something I ought to know, I want to know it."

"How should I know what Fidely Brierly was goin' to tell ye?"

"She acted sorry for me,—and come to think of it so did Bina today, and I believe you look sorry too."

"Sorry?—Me? Well now, me dear, I've just wan advice to give ye. Niver hunt trouble. Let it hunt you." Ann Mary gathered up her turnips and started for the house.

"See here." Josephine laid a detaining hand upon Ann Mary's arm. "If there's something I should know, and don't, you tell me. And tell me now."

"It's keen ye are," commented Ann Mary. "Well then, since you're sure to know it later, ye might's well have it sooner. But wid your ixperience ye shouldn't be worried at th' prospec' o' havin' new relations."

"New relations," echoed Josephine. "What new relations?"

"Why, step-relations."

"What step-relations can I have?"

"A step-ma, to be sure."

"Me?"

"Aye. Who else?" Ann Mary shook herself free, and going into the kitchen banged the door. She felt her own troubles were enough. After doing as she pleased for more than twenty-five years in the Dobard kitchen, the possibility of having to conform to new and possibly difficult ways vexed her.

A great choking lump filled Josephine's throat. Her father, "her only father," she called him to herself, was going to bring a strange lady to his home, and he had not told her. Her heart thumped. Her head throbbed. She had a raging desire to pound something with her fists. She

quite forgot she had ever aspired to be a saint. She had read several stories about stepmothers who had made their stepdaughters very unhappy. She would go away. There had been talk that Mrs. Thorne might take Miss Sadwell's school. Soon, she, Josephine, would be old enough to be an assistant teacher. She would work for her board. She would do anything to escape the strange lady her father was going to put in authority over her. To think was to act, with Josephine. Straight down the street she went so intent upon her errand that old lady Dodson, out for a breath of air, observing her, commented to herself, "I declare that girl goes like a mad bee that is going to sting."

Under Mrs. Thorne's care, the Pardee house had become a delightful home, and it was she who opened the great carved front door as Josephine flashed up the steps. "My dear," she began as she drew Josephine into the spacious hall, "What is it? It is something, I am sure."

"Yes, and I'll do anything, dear Mrs. Thorne, anything. I'll study and work and try hard to be good if only you will let me come to you." Josephine flung her arms about her teacher's neck and sobbed with nervous excitement.

"Of course you can come here if you wish, but what has happened?" said Mrs. Thorne gently. "Tell me."

"It's papa. Yes, papa Doctor's going to be married. Ann Mary told me this morning just now. But Fidy Brierly knew it afore dear Grandma died. Everybody most did, I think, for Bina Forrest knew." Again Josephine was shaken by mingled anger and astonishment. "Of course Grandma was step, but you had to love her after you knew her, but papa's going to marry I don't know who, and I don't want to stay. It seems 's if I couldn't, as if I'd just burst if you can't take me, dear teacherchen." This name Josephine had used in private with Mrs. Thorne after a year's study of German had made her familiar with its use of suffixes.

"Josephine,—listen!" Mrs. Thorne gently pushed the girl from her, holding her elbows in a warm clasp. "It is I who am to be your step-mother and who will come to live in your house. Your father was to have told you this morning, but he was called away to a serious consultation so he sent word to me, and I was coming to tell you in his stead. As it was only last evening the decisive words were said, you see you have not long been kept in ignorance of our plans.

"You! You!" Josephine's eyes grew large and very dark, and also very bright till her face almost shone.

"Yes, dear. If other people have guessed what it is to be, it is because people in a small place have little to interest them, and much time to watch the doings of neighbors and to speculate about their actions."

"I know." Josephine made a sound between a sob and a chuckle. "Fidy Brierly said once that her Aunt Fidelia knows so much about Ferndale folks, she often knows things that are not so. I reckon the trouble with me is being too quick. If I'd taken just one think, I'd have remembered that all my people have been dear, and that my own father'd not be one to ask anyone to live with us all the time who isn't beautiful inside and out. I hope I'll outlive being excited over 'bug-dust.' I do hope so."

"Bug-dust?—I do not understand."

"That was Dr. Vandercook's word. He used it in many ways. It means trifles, foolish imaginings, and anything not worth while."

"Bug-dust is certainly descriptive, and Josephine,—"

"Yes, dear teacherchen."

"I shall try to help you to study and work, and to be good in my new relation, and you must help me."

“Help you? Oh, dear mother that is to be! The other girls can have their old mothers. I’ll never be envious again. I’m going to be no end happy with my new mother, and if loving will help you, you’ll have all the help you need. And all of us will have a real home. I’m not so very old yet, but I’ve found out folks make your home, not a mere house.”

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